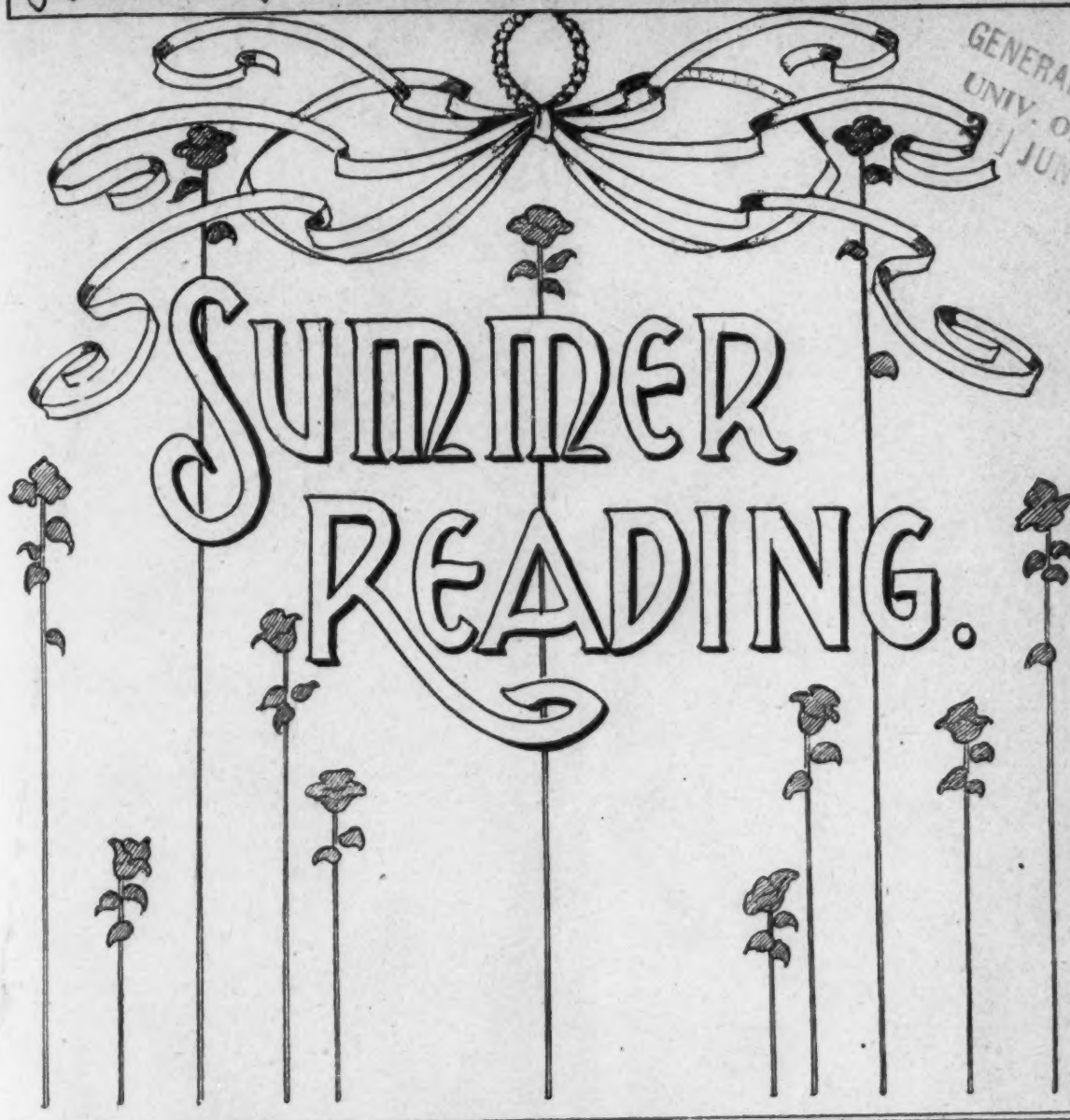




GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
JUN 1896



BEING THE SUMMER NUMBER
OF
THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY
MAY 30, 1896

VOL. XLIX. NO. 22.

WHOLE NO. 1270

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 59 DUANE STREET, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$3 PER YEAR

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as second-class matter.



THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.'S

Recent Publications.

PHYLLIS OF PHILISTIA.

By FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE, author of "I Forbid the Barons," etc. 12mo, extra cloth, \$1.00.

"Not a chapter that is not thoughtful, witty, entertaining, or instructive, and the style is always spirited and clever."—*Scotsman*.

"Phyllis is as fine a piece of true womanly flesh and blood as a sympathetic novelist could create."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"The women characters are sketched by one evidently a master of women's emotions."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

"One of the wittiest, most ingenious, and altogether delicious among recent English novels."—*N. Y. World*.

"The story is full of good things, pleasant talk, brilliant writing, and clever satire."—*Speaker*.

"Sparkling with wit and vivacious dialogue."—*Birmingham Post*.

"A capital story."—*Bookseller, Newsdealer, and Stationer*.

ARE YOU GOING TO EUROPE?

Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe.

EDITION FOR 1896.

Planned and Edited by EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

COMPILED BY EDWARD KING.

The best and most practical guide for European travellers. 1 vol., with maps, leather binding, \$1.50.

"We have said it before, and we must say it now again, that while there are many ampler guides for European travel, many that contain more information and go into greater detail, there is not one which for the traveller who is provided with a hand-bag only can compare with 'The Pocket Guide.' We have travelled by it in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, and we know whereof we speak when we say that for convenience, completeness, and trustworthiness there is nothing to compare with it. The new edition for 1896 is smaller and lighter than ever. Actually it can be carried in a vest-pocket. Yet it contains nearly 500 pages, is printed in clear type, has maps, vocabularies, telegraphic codes, and all the information that any one really needs in making a rapid trip of a few weeks, with a day or two's stop only at principal points, anywhere between Edinburgh, Madrid, Naples, Vienna, Moscow, and the North Cape."—*The Literary World*.

The History of "Punch."

By M. H. SPIELMANN. With about 170 illustrations, portraits, and fac-similes. In one vol., \$4.00; *Edition de Luxe*, \$10.00.

"As a whole, the book is excellent reading, full of good stories and good pictures, edited with fine judgment and taste, and a unique contribution to the history of humor."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"An altogether charming volume."—*New York Herald*.

New Edition Now Ready.

Orations and After-Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew.

With portrait. One vol., 8vo, extra cloth, \$2.50.

This volume contains fifty-two representative Orations and After-Dinner Speeches, compiled and edited by Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, and revised by Mr. Depew himself. The selection indicates very fully the wide range of topics to which the orator has turned his attention during the past twenty-five years, and the versatility of his treatment of questions of every degree of gravity and importance.

Uniform with above.

Life and Later Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew.

With new portrait by Sarony. One vol., 8vo, extra cloth, \$2.50; *Edition de Luxe*, one-half leather, \$6.00.

OFFICIAL, DIPLOMATIC, AND SOCIAL ETIQUETTE OF WASHINGTON.

Compiled by KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS, with an introductory note by Mrs. John A. Logan. Bound in buckram, gilt top, and stamping, 75 cents.

"This invaluable work."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"Fills a niche that has long been unoccupied."—*Rochester Herald*.

"Every lady and gentleman in society or who visits Washington should own a copy."—*Baltimore Telegram*.

"A good book to study, as the bulk of its suggestions are adapted to society in all large cities."—*St. Louis Star*.

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., 31 East 17th Street (Union Square), New York.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

RUTH FARMER.

A Story. By AGNES MARCHBANK, author of "Some Edinburgh Bohemians," "Family Ties," etc., etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"Another story of Scotland by Agnes Marchbank, whose 'Some Edinburgh Bohemians,' 'Family Ties,' etc., will be pleasantly remembered by many of our readers as giving her a well-deserved reputation as one of the best woman fiction-writers of the day. She has certainly studied character, and this, her greatest novel, may be fairly regarded as a work of character study. She has keenly analyzed motives, and is gifted with a remarkable insight into character."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, author of "Orchardcroft," etc. 12mo, paper, 50 cents.

"Old Maids and Young" is the story of five maidens—two of them old and three of them young. The story is primarily a study in contemporary maidenhood, and the question put to the reader is: *Do you prefer the old maids or the young?*

"To read the book is a delightful relief from the flood of poor novels turned out upon a too willing public."—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.

"The story is pure in sentiment and of excellent literary merit."—*Boston Home Journal*.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.

A Study of Love and Life. By THOMAS H. BRAINERD, author of "Go Forth and Find." 16mo, flexible cloth, 50 cents.

"The story is one of power and considerable interest."—*Boston Traveller*.

"A pretty and gracefully written love-story, and will take its place as a favorite among the summer novels of the year."—*N. Y. World*.

"This is distinctly a novel of purpose; but the story is interesting in itself, and its solution of the conditions presented is quite new in literature, so far as we know."—*The Christian Register*.

A VILLAGE DRAMA.

By VESTA S. SIMMONS, author of "Green Tea," "Men and Men," etc. etc. 16mo, flexible cloth, 50 cents.

"This latest issue in the 'Unknown' Library series is one of the best. Vesta S. Simmons, whose 'Green Tea' and 'Men and Men' gave her such a reputation as a fiction-writer, has now given to the public what may be called her best story. There has really been nothing better in the series. It is a capital story of modern English life."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"The story is told with a simplicity and directness that cannot fail to challenge interest and approval."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL, author of "The Emigrant Ship," "List, Ye Landsmen!" "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," "An Ocean Tragedy," etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH,

And Other Stories. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON, author of "The Anglo-maniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

MR. WAYT'S WIFE'S SISTER.

By MARION HARLAND (Mary Virginia Terhune), author of "Common Sense in the Household," etc., etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

BROKEN LINKS.

A Love-Story. By Mrs. ALEXANDER, author of "The Snare of the Fowler," "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," etc., etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

CASSELL'S
UNKNOWN
LIBRARY.

CASSELL'S
UNION
SQUARE
LIBRARY

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., 31 East 17th Street (Union Square), New York.

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.'S

Recent Publications.

PHYLLIS OF PHILISTIA.

By FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE, author of "I Forbid the Barons," etc. 12mo, extra cloth, \$1.00.

"Not a chapter that is not thoughtful, witty, entertaining, or instructive, and the style is always spirited and clever."—*Scotsman*.

"Phyllis is as fine a piece of true womanly flesh and blood as a sympathetic novelist could create."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"The women characters are sketched by one evidently a master of women's emotions."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

"One of the wittiest, most ingenious, and altogether delicious among recent English novels."—*N. Y. World*.

"The story is full of good things, pleasant talk, brilliant writing, and clever satire."—*Speaker*.

"Sparkling with wit and vivacious dialogue."—*Birmingham Post*.

"A capital story."—*Bookseller, Newsdealer, and Stationer*.

ARE YOU GOING TO EUROPE?

Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe.

EDITION FOR 1896.

Planned and Edited by EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

COMPILED BY EDWARD KING.

The best and most practical guide for European travellers. 1 vol., with maps, leather binding, \$1.50.

"We have said it before, and we must say it now again, that while there are many ampler guides for European travel, many that contain more information and go into greater detail, there is not one which for the traveller who is provided with a hand-bag only can compare with 'The Pocket Guide.' We have travelled by it in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, and we know whereof we speak when we say that for convenience, completeness, and trustworthiness there is nothing to compare with it. The new edition for 1896 is smaller and lighter than ever. Actually it can be carried in a vest-pocket. Yet it contains nearly 500 pages, is printed in clear type, has maps, vocabularies, telegraphic codes, and all the information that any one really needs in making a rapid trip of a few weeks, with a day or two's stop only at principal points, anywhere between Edinboro', Madrid, Naples, Vienna, Moscow, and the North Cape."—*The Literary World*.

The History of "Punch."

By M. H. SPIELMANN. With about 170 illustrations, portraits, and fac-similes. In one vol., \$4.00; *Edition de Luxe*, \$10.00.

"As a whole, the book is excellent reading, full of good stories and good pictures, edited with fine judgment and taste, and a unique contribution to the history of humor."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"An altogether charming volume."—*New York Herald*.

New Edition Now Ready.

Orations and After-Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew.

With portrait. One vol., 8vo, extra cloth, \$2.50.

This volume contains fifty-two representative Orations and After-Dinner Speeches, compiled and edited by Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, and revised by Mr. Depew himself. The selection indicates very fully the wide range of topics to which the orator has turned his attention during the past twenty-five years, and the versatility of his treatment of questions of every degree of gravity and importance.

Uniform with above.

Life and Later Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew.

With new portrait by Sarony. One vol., 8vo, extra cloth, \$2.50; *Edition de Luxe*, one-half leather, \$6.00.

OFFICIAL, DIPLOMATIC, AND SOCIAL ETIQUETTE OF WASHINGTON.

Compiled by KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS, with an introductory note by Mrs. John A. Logan. Bound in buckram, gilt top, and stamping, 75 cents.

"This invaluable work."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"Fills a niche that has long been unoccupied."—*Rochester Herald*.

"Every lady and gentleman in society or who visits Washington should own a copy."—*Baltimore Telegram*.

"A good book to study, as the bulk of its suggestions are adapted to society in all large cities."—*St. Louis Star*.

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., 31 East 17th Street (Union Square), New York.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

RUTH FARMER.

A Story. By AGNES MARCHBANK, author of "Some Edinburgh Bohemians," "Family Ties," etc., etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"Another story of Scotland by Agnes Marchbank, whose 'Some Edinburgh Bohemians,' 'Family Ties,' etc., will be pleasantly remembered by many of our readers as giving her a well-deserved reputation as one of the best woman fiction-writers of the day. She has certainly studied character, and this, her greatest novel, may be fairly regarded as a work of character study. She has keenly analyzed motives, and is gifted with a remarkable insight into character."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, author of "Orchardscroft," etc. 12mo, paper, 50 cents.

"Old Maids and Young" is the story of five maidens—two of them old and three of them young. The story is primarily a study in contemporary maidenhood, and the question put to the reader is: *Do you prefer the old maids or the young?*

"To read the book is a delightful relief from the flood of poor novels turned out upon a too willing public."—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.

"The story is pure in sentiment and of excellent literary merit."—*Boston Home Journal*.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.

A Study of Love and Life. By THOMAS H. BRAINERD, author of "Go Forth and Find." 16mo, flexible cloth, 50 cents.

"The story is one of power and considerable interest."—*Boston Traveller*.

"A pretty and gracefully written love-story, and will take its place as a favorite among the summer novels of the year."—*N. Y. World*.

"This is distinctly a novel of purpose; but the story is interesting in itself, and its solution of the conditions presented is quite new in literature, so far as we know."—*The Christian Register*.

A VILLAGE DRAMA.

By VESTA S. SIMMONS, author of "Green Tea," "Men and Men," etc. 16mo, flexible cloth, 50 cents.

"This latest issue in the 'Unknown' Library series is one of the best. Vesta S. Simmons, whose 'Green Tea' and 'Men and Men' gave her such a reputation as a fiction-writer, has now given to the public what may be called her best story. There has really been nothing better in the series. It is a capital story of modern English life."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"The story is told with a simplicity and directness that cannot fail to challenge interest and approval."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL, author of "The Emigrant Ship," "List, Ye Landsmen!" "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," "An Ocean Tragedy," etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH,

And Other Stories. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON, author of "The Anglo-maniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

MR. WAYT'S WIFE'S SISTER.

By MARION HARLAND (Mary Virginia Terhune), author of "Common Sense in the Household," etc., etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

BROKEN LINKS.

A Love-Story. By Mrs. ALEXANDER, author of "The Snare of the Fowler," "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," etc., etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

CASSELL'S
UNKNOWN
LIBRARY.

CASSELL'S
UNION
SQUARE
LIBRARY

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., 31 East 17th Street (Union Square), New York.

*Exceptional Circumstances Enable us to Quote this Year the
Lowest Prices on Books in the Market.*

SEND FOR OUR BOOK CATALOGUE.

(STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.)

TRY US ON ALL BOOKS YOU NEED.

MAJESTIC SERIES of Paper Novels, 500 Choice Works of Popular Standard Fiction from George Munro's Sons' List of over 2000 Titles. Ahead of anything in the market.

AMERICAN EDITION of Standard, cloth, 12mos, 250 Titles of the Best-Known Books in English Literature at a Low Price.

NEW MERSHON EDITIONS of Standard Sets.

JUVENILE Board and Color Books, Cheapest and Best.

LIBRARY EDITION, 12mos and Standard 8vo Sets.

CENTURY POETS, at Lowest Prices.

A Full Line of the Best-Selling Books of the American Publishers Corporation at Prices never before offered.

NEW RED LETTER SERIES of Paper Novels, 150 Titles, 5 each in a Case.

NEW ALDINE, Cloth, 12mos, 200 Titles, 1 each in a Case.

NEW OXFORD, Gilt Top, Cloth, 12mos, 150 Titles, 2 each in a Case.

ALDINE, Two Volume Sets.

NEW ALDINE Standard Sets, lower prices than ever before.

NEW POPULAR Two-Volume Sets.

NEW POPULAR Standard Sets.

HALF CALF EDITION of "POPULAR" Sets.

THE "TUXEDO" EDITION of **STANDARD POETS**, cloth, 12mo, gilt top, in new and elegant binding, 28 best titles.

THE WORLD'S ENCYCLOPEDIC ATLAS, size, 12 x 14½ inches, Unequalled for Home and Office use, cloth and half russia bindings.

PERKINS & HOVENDON, 9 and 11 E. 16 St., N. Y.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s Announcements

Important Books Just Issued.

THE VANISHED EMPEROR. By PERCY ANDREAE, author of "Stanhope of Chester," etc., etc. Ornate cloth binding, \$1.25.

A delightfully refreshing and original romance, wherein is narrated the facts of the heretofore unrevealed disappearance of the present Emperor of Germany. An extraordinary disclosure.

ROSEMARY AND RUE. By AMBER. Ornamental cloth cover designed by W. W. Denslow, \$1.00. Poster by the same artist on application.

A posthumous volume of sketches and verses as tonic and bracing as a sea breeze.

THE PREMIER AND THE PAINTER. By I. ZANGWILL. With special preface by the author for the American edition. Rich cloth binding designed by A. Archibald. \$1.00.

A novel such as no one but Mr. Zangwill could write. Intensely absorbing and keenly witty.

In Press. To Be Issued Immediately.

A CHANCE CHILD. By MARAH ELLIS RYAN, author of "Told in the Hills," "A Pagan of the Alleghanies," etc., etc. Artistic cloth binding designed by Miss Agnes Culver. \$1.25.

CHECKED THROUGH. A Stirring Romance of To-Day. By RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Books Lately Issued.

THOSE GOOD NORMANS. By GYP, author of "Chiffon's Marriage," etc. Artistic cloth binding designed by A. Archibald. \$1.00.

"A profound study of contemporary manners. . . . It is a pleasure to read a book so good and capitally written."—*New York World*.

"Well done, and of a boldness quite French. . . . Almost like Molière in strong characterization."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST. Being an Autobiography of CHARLES GOUNOD. Handsome cloth binding, \$1.00.

"A delight to all lovers of pure and vital literature."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

MARIPOSILLA. A Novel. By Mrs. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT. Ornamental cloth binding, \$1.25.

"'Mariposilla' will at once place Mrs. Daggett in the front rank of American authors."—*Boston Times*.

Reed's Rules of Order. A Manual of Parliamentary Law. By THOMAS B. REED, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Cloth binding, retail, 75 cents; full leather, retail, \$1.25.

Big Bow Mystery. By I. ZANGWILL, author of "The Master," etc., etc. Cloth binding, retail, 75 cents.

"A most impossible tale told in the most delightfully convincing manner."—*Chicago Post*.

A Hidden Chain. By DORA RUSSELL, author of "A Country Sweetheart," etc., etc. Cloth binding, retail, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.

The White Virgin. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.

French Cooking for Every Home. By FRANÇOIS TANTY. Cloth, \$1.00.

Special attention is called to the high character of the volumes composing the GLOBE LIBRARY. Such authors as Robert Louis Stevenson, Zangwill, Weyman, Conan Doyle, Grant Allen, Percy Andrae, Hall Caine, Bertha M. Clay, The Duchess, Dumas, Rider Haggard, Anthony Hope, Rudyard Kipling, Max Pemberton, W. Clark Russell, and many others of equal popularity are largely represented, and afford to the trade a variety of choice of quick-selling books, specially suitable for summer reading, unequalled by any other library. Specially designed artistic covers, good paper, and admirable typography characterize this series. Price to trade, 12½ cents. Send for special catalogue.

GLOBE LIBRARY

NO. 240 **Martha—The Parson's Daughter.** W. Heimbürg.
239 **The White Virgin.** George Manville Fenn.
238 **A Hidden Chain.** Dora Russell.
237 **Pretty Michal.** Maurus Jokai.
236 **A Gray Eye or So.** F. Frankfort Moore.
235 **The Woodlanders.** Thomas Hardy.
234 **The Sea Wolves.** Max Pemberton.
233 **Stanhope of Chester.** Percy Andrae.
232 **Alice.** Bulwer-Lytton.

NO. 231 **Last Days of Pompeii.** Bulwer-Lytton.
230 **Rienzi.** Bulwer-Lytton.
229 **Ernest Maltravers.** Bulwer-Lytton.
228 **Auld Lang Syne.** W. Clark Russell.
227 **The Prairie.** J. Fenimore Cooper.
226 **The Pioneers.** J. Fenimore Cooper.
225 **The Pathfinder.** J. Fenimore Cooper.
224 **The Last of the Mohicans.** J. Fenimore Cooper.
223 **The Deerslayer.** J. Fenimore Cooper.

RAND, McNALLY & CO., Chicago and New York.

Vacation Reading

MARK TWAIN'S JOAN OF ARC.—Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By the SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE, her Page and Secretary. Freely translated out of the Ancient French into Modern English from the Original Unpublished Manuscript in the National Archives of France, by JEAN FRANÇOIS ALDEN. Illustrated from Original Drawings by F. V. DU MOND and from Reproductions of Old Paintings and Statues. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2.50.

MADELON.—A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

THE CAVALIERS.—By S. R. KEIGHTLEY. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

THE CRIMSON SIGN.—A Narrative of the Adventures of Mr. Gervase Orme, sometime Lieutenant in Mountjoy's Regiment of Foot. By S. R. KEIGHTLEY. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50. (*In Press.*)

EXTRAORDINARY CASES. By HENRY S. CLINTON. With Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, \$2.50.

THE BICYCLERS, and Three Other Farces. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckle Edges and Gilt Top, \$1.25.

A FEW MEMORIES.—By MARY ANDERSON (MME. DE NAVARRO). With Six Portraits, of which Five are Photogravures. 8vo, Cloth, Deckle Edges and Gilt Top, \$2.50.

DOCTOR WARRICK'S DAUGHTERS.—A Novel. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS.—A Novel. By LILLIAN BELL, Author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," etc. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25. (*In Press.*)

THREE GRINGOS IN VENEZUELA AND CENTRAL AMERICA.—By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

THE BOOK OF THE OUANANICHE,—and its Canadian Environment. By E. T. D. CHAMBERS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2.00.

TOMMY TODDLES.—By ALBERT LEE. Illustrated by Peter S. Newell. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

JERRY THE DREAMER.—A Novel. By WILL PAYNE. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25. (*In Press.*)

ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS.—Twenty-six Hundred Miles after Musk-Oxen and Wood Bison. By CASPAR WHITNEY. Illustrated from Drawings by FREDERIC REMINGTON, G. H. HEMING, and from Photographs. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$3.50.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. Illustrated. \$1.75.

BRISEIS.—A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.75. Uniform with Harper & Brothers' Library Edition of Mr. Black's Novels, \$1.75.

NOVELS BY THOMAS HARDY.—New and Uniform Edition. Crown 8vo, Cloth. **Desperate Remedies**, \$1.50; **Jude the Obscure**, illustrated, \$1.75; **A Laodicean**, \$1.50; **Hand of Ethelberta**, \$1.50; **The Woodlanders**, \$1.50; **The Trumpet-Major**, \$1.50; **Far from the Madding Crowd**, \$1.50; **The Mayor of Casterbridge**, \$1.50; **A Pair of Blue Eyes**, \$1.50; **Two on a Tower**, \$1.50; **Return of the Native**, \$1.50; **Tess of the D'Urbervilles**, illustrated, \$1.50.

MARK HEFFRON.—A Novel. By ALICE WARD BAILEY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

OUT OF TOWN.—With illustrations by ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

A PARTING AND A MEETING. A Story. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Illustrated. Square 32mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.00. (In "Harper's Little Novels.")

THE DAY OF THEIR WEDDING.—A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.25.

A CLEVER WIFE.—A Novel. By W. PETT RIDGE. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

THE SECOND OPPORTUNITY OF MR. STAPLEHURST.—A Novel. By W. PETT RIDGE. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.—Being Certain Pages from the Life and Strange Adventures of Sir Nicolas Steele, Bart., as related by his valet, Hildebrand Bigg. By MAX PEMBERTON, Author of "The Sea Wolves," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

FOR KING OR COUNTRY.—A Story of the Revolution. By JAMES BARNES. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. Illustrated. \$1.75. (*In Press.*)

By MARK TWAIN. New Library Editions from New Electrotypes. Crown 8vo, Cloth.

HARPER BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.



From "Out of Town."

Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

A LITTLE EXERCISE AT TENNIS.

Nature and Human Nature in Fiction.

THAT "there is a fashion in reading as well as in dress," a high authority has declared. That this fashion is largely regulated by the seasons is undeniable. The summer's heat and the winter's cold are as strong factors in determining what we shall read as they are in settling the weight and character of our hats and gowns. The curtained room, the shaded lamp, the glowing winter fire, all invite to reflection and study, while the outdoor life of summer, with its thousand temptations to mental and physical vagabondism, leave one an easy prey to the seductive influence of the imagination. Fashion and the season are mutually agreed just now. They both point to romance as the class of literature most in demand and most suitable to the leisure and indolence of a summer life, for we take it for granted all summer life includes for every one many happy holidays and travel to new parts of the globe, in which business and its attending cares may be for a time forgotten.

It is this change of thought and scene, this shifting of ordinary points of view, that awaken in human nature the latent romance that often survives the most commonplace daily surroundings and experience, and send it to the pages of the novelist for richer and more sensuous mental food. With a south wind ruffling the waving grass, with a warm sun stealing through leafy boughs, with a greensward to rest upon, and a blue sky overhead—how dull and barren must be the soul of the weary, town-bred

worker, who finds no longing within him for the poetry and ideals of books, and their resulting comfort and sustenance.

When Macaulay wrote "I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading," we are pretty sure he included in the contents of that garret a goodly number of novels. Neither heat nor cold, hunger nor sorrow counts for much even in a garret, against the charm of an enthralling book, the witching power of great writers. Blessed with a love of reading, and the means to satisfy it, one is really a king.

Almost half the publications of the day belong to imaginative literature. And it is not strange that the popular taste demands them in such numbers, for they reflect in some measure the men, women, thoughts, scenes, and problems of these complex, audacious end of the century days. Fiction has always been the mirror of humanity, and never more so than in the present. Our novelists have furnished us with a gallery of portraits, that illustrate types of mankind, from the very beginning of the world. They have told us, too, just how they lived, how they sorrowed and bore their burthens; how they acted in their joy and in their despair; and, if they were heroes of history, we know the battles they lost and won, the surroundings that made giants of them. Turning back but a little space, we may look into the carefully limned features of Pamela and Evelina,

of Clarissa Harlowe and Becky Sharp, of Tom Jones, Colonel Newcome, George Warrington, Henry Esmond, and David Copperfield, and of dozens of other familiar friends. How our hearts have been enriched through our acquaintance with them, and our minds broadened through our study of them. Their environment, whether of town or country, is just as familiar to us as their faces. The nature to be found even in London streets, the sweet rural landscapes of England, the bold highlands of Scotland, or the nearer-lying scenes of our own country have found their most passionate admirers and most careful and sympathetic students in the novelists. The mere writer of travels often falls far short of the imaginative writer when he aims to reproduce for his readers the picturesque and charming scenes the novelist uses as backgrounds in his mimic theatre of life.

Hand in hand we may travel with him the world through, and see its peoples and countries with a clearness and accuracy that is only second to our own personal observation and experience. To Scott, William Black, Blackmore, Thomas Hardy, and a host of other British writers we owe a knowledge of the landscape of the British Isles. Through Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Aldrich, Cable, Bret Harte, Miss Murfree and Constance Fenimore Woolson, Mary Wilkins, and numerous New England writers we have learned to know our own country, both in its many varied scenes and queer contrasting human nature.

The modern novelist seeks new material with the same eagerness with which the traveller looks for new countries to explore. The European and American have carried their progressive spirit into so many of the newly discovered savage and half-civilized countries, that the result is a wholly new literature of fresh and deeply interesting types. Australia and the South Pacific Islands, with their rich tropical verdure and little-known people, have become a favorite stamping-ground with English writers. Guy Boothby, a comparatively new English novelist, has made Australia, especially New South Wales and Thursday Island on its coast, the scene of three delightful novels—"A Lost Endeavour," "The Marriage of Esther," and "A Bid for Fortune." They are all rich in wonderful scenic effects, photographs from life, that bring earth and sky before the reader in startling beauty or in depressing ugliness. They introduce, too, a new set of characters, outlined with kodak-like sharpness. The same may be said of Mrs. Praed's "Mrs. Tregaskiss," in which one fairly feels the withering breath of the hot sun as it beats down upon the monotonous, dusty, treeless wastes of a lonely Aus-

tralian farm. In "Irralie's Bushranger," by Ernest Hornung, one may find a collection of landscapes of the "impressionist" kind, which leave the most delightful pictures in the memory of dark and mysterious, or brilliant moonlit Australian nights. Anthony Hope Hawkins has placed the scene of one of his best but least appreciated novels in New Zealand. "Half a Hero" it is called, and it is full of little gems of local scenery and revelations of curious people.

Louis Becke describes the eternal summer life of the South Sea Islands in "The Ebbing of the Tide"; he treated the same subject in a previous volume—"By Reef and Palm." In the popular *Keynotes Series* there is a volume entitled "Yellow and White," by W. Carlton Dawe, which pictures life in China, Japan, and Siam as Europeans know it there, and abounds in new types and new backgrounds. India, or rather Anglo-India, has been revealed to us by Kipling, and Samoa by Stevenson. Scully's "Kafir Stories" carry us to a country upon which public interest at present largely centres. The Boers so far have had no historian, though Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," written several years ago, and having its scene in the Cape Colony, is a powerful study of these strange people.

Italy as nature made it has been a loving study with F. Marion Crawford through numerous novels. He is a vivid sketcher, full of enthusiasm. The very atmosphere of a place is felt in the delightful pictures he loves to paint. "Casa Braccio," one of his latest novels, describes the interesting country for some miles outside of Rome. His very latest book, "Adam Johnstone's Son," has for its setting the hills and valleys of Amalfi, a quaint summer resort on the coast of southern Italy. Mr. Crawford often tries his hand nearer home. He has drawn an excellent portrait of the piquant, flirtatious American summer girl in her charming environment of Bar Harbor in "Love in Idleness."

Hall Caine has immortalized the Isle of Man, and Barrie and "Ian Maclaren" have made us acquainted with the charming Scotch villages hidden under the names of "Thrums" and "Drumtochty." S. R. Crockett is another enthusiastic painter of Scotch scenery. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Days of Auld Lang Syne" are "Ian Maclaren's" latest books, and "Men of the Moss-Hags," "Cleg Kelly," and "A Galloway Herd" are the latest books of Crockett. In all of these we have heaths and hills peopled by men who belong to a race that possesses more strongly than most nations a passionate love of country. Galt's novels, of which recently two new editions have been

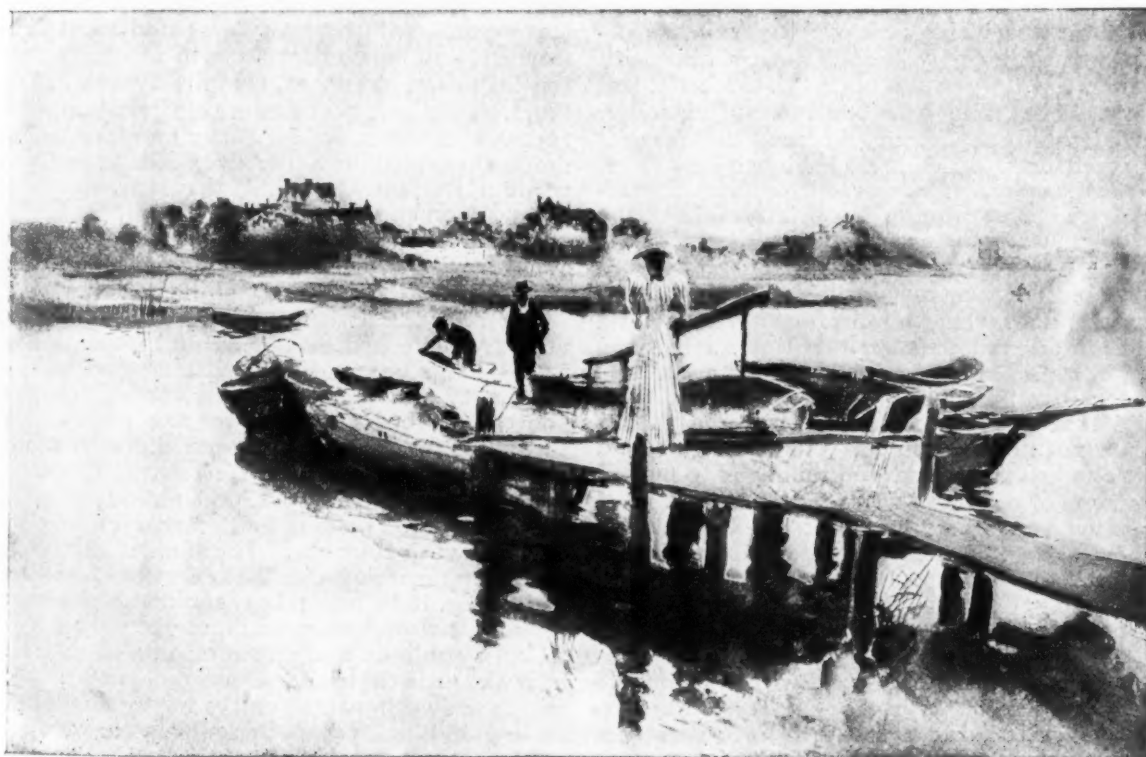
published, are also entirely devoted to Scotch country life.

In all of Thomas Hardy's novels descriptions of the beautiful English country abound. In "Jude the Obscure" he takes us again to Wessex, his chosen field, which he has studied with a minute fidelity that is marvellous. A new English writer, F. F. Montrésor, is in entire harmony with English outdoor life. Her readers literally follow her "Into the Highways and Hedges" in her novel of that name, deriving sweet refreshment and comfort from the simple, natural conditions with which she deals. Like a breath of fresh air from a field of clover is Walter Raymond's "Tryphena in Love," with scenes from the author's own native Somersetshire. The majority of English novels, however, testify to the love English writers bear for English fields and lanes. The charming pastoral scenes they depict make the heart yearn for a sight of them. Even the little of nature left in London streets—which are more than usually rich in human nature—has not been overlooked, as many of the pessimistic novels of the moment bear witness.

The more recent books from our own writers in which local color especially predominates are Alice Brown's volume of stories called

"Meadow Grass," Sarah Orne Jewett's "Life of Nancy," Mrs. Wiggin's "Village Watch-Tower," and Noah Brooks's "Tales of the Maine Coast." These have to do entirely with New England life and character, and are studies from nature. There are other equally fascinating volumes, such as Mrs. Foote's "Cup of Trembling," which carries one to the Western pioneer country she knows so well; Eleanor Stuart's "Stonepastures," a powerful story of a Pennsylvania mining district; Mrs. Goodwin's "White Aprons," in which one lives again in Virginia in days long prior to the colonial times; and Miss Pool's "Against Human Nature," of which the larger part of the scene is laid in North Carolina.

The list of American books might easily be lengthened out, but we prefer to send our readers to our own lists further on, or to their local booksellers, for more detailed information. Under "Books About Nature" and "Books of Description and Travel" are included many delightful volumes, which supplement "The New Novels" in a fascinating and most instructive way. We leave to individual taste the selection of its own summer reading, hoping our suggestions may be helpful, and lead into fresh and new fields.



From "The North Shore" in American Summer Resorts.

Copyright, 1894 and 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

RESIDENCES ON THE POINT AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.

The Household at Hermiston.

From Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston." (Scribner.)

SUCH was the housewifery in George Square. It was better at Hermiston, where Kirstie Elliot, the sister of a neighboring bonnet-laird, and an eighteenth cousin of the lady, bore the charge of all, and kept a trim house and a good country table. Kirstie was a woman in a thousand, clean, capable, notable; once a moorland Helen, and still comely as a blood-horse and healthy as the hill wind. High in flesh and voice and color, she ran the house with her whole intemperate soul, in a bustle, not without buffets. Scarce more pious than decency in those days required, she was the cause of many an anxious thought and many a tearful prayer to Mrs. Weir. Housekeeper and mistress renewed the parts of Martha and Mary; and though with a pricking conscience, Mary reposed on Martha's strength as on a rock. Even Lord Hermiston held Kirstie in a particular regard. There were few with whom he unbent so gladly, few whom he favored with so many pleasantries. "Kirstie and me maun have our joke," he would declare, in high good-humor, as he buttered Kirstie's scones and she waited at table. A man who had no need either of love or of popularity, a keen reader of men and of events, there was perhaps only one truth for which he was quite unprepared; he would have been quite unprepared to learn that Kirstie hated him.

Thus, at least, when the family were at Hermiston, not only my lord, but Mrs. Weir too, enjoyed a holiday. Free from the dreadful looking-for of the miscarried dinner, she would mind her seam, read her piety books, and take her walk (which was my lord's orders), sometimes by herself, sometimes with Archie, the only child of that scarce natural union. The child was her next bond to life. Her frosted sentiment bloomed again, she breathed deep of life, she let loose her heart, in that society. The miracle of her motherhood was ever new to her. The sight of the little man at her skirt intoxicated her with the sense of power, and froze her with the consciousness of her responsibility. She looked forward, and, seeing him in fancy grow up and play his diverse part on the world's theatre, caught in her breath and lifted up her courage with a lively effort. It was only with the child that she forgot herself and was at moments natural; yet it was only with the child that she had conceived and managed to pursue a scheme of conduct. Archie was to be a great man and a good; a minister if possible, a saint for certain. She tried to engage his mind upon her favorite books, Rutherford's "Letters," Scougal's "Grace Abounding," and the like. It was a common practice of hers (and strange to remember now) that she would carry the child to the Deil's Hags, sit with him on the Praying Weaver's stone and talk of the Covenanters till their tears ran down. Her view of history was wholly artless, a design in snow and ink; upon the one side, tender innocents with psalms upon their lips; upon the other, the persecutors, booted, bloody-minded, flushed with wine; a suffering Christ, a raging Beelzebub. *Persecutor* was a word that knocked upon the woman's heart; it was her highest thought of wickedness, and the mark of it was on her house. Her great-great-grandfather had

drawn the sword against the Lord's anointed on the field of Rullion Green, and breathed his last (tradition said) in the arms of the detestable Dalzell. Nor could she blind herself to this, that had they lived in these old days, Hermiston himself would have been numbered alongside of Bloody MacKenzie and the politic Lauderdale and Rothes, in the band of God's immediate enemies. The sense of this moved her to the more fervor; she had a voice for that name of *persecutor* that thrilled in the child's marrow; and when one day the mob hooted and hissed them all in my lord's travelling carriage, and cried, "Down with the persecutor! down with Hanging Hermiston!" and mamma covered her eyes and wept, and papa let down the glass and looked out upon the rabble with his droll formidable face, bitter and smiling, as they said he sometimes looked when he gave sentence, Archie was for the moment too much amazed to be alarmed, but he had scarce got his mother by herself before his shrill voice was raised demanding an explanation; why had they called papa a persecutor?

An Old Barn.

From Abbott's "Notes of the Night." (Century Co.)

It would require a small volume to tell how plant life was utilizing the old barn. Gray lichen and green moss were both upon the roof. Virginia creeper on the west and a trumpet-vine on the east had such firm hold on many of the broad, upright boards that they had been warped from their original support and were now held by the rank vines; one of these had ruddy foliage already, and the other, still in bloom, proved an attraction for the restless humming-birds that came and went continually. A poison-ivy clung to the hinges of the large double doors, completely concealing them. Pokeberry canes were clustered outside, ruddy and vigorous as a summer sun could make them; while a score of sickly, yellow-white shoots, which had thrust themselves through cracks in the barn's wall, now lingered hopelessly in the unhealthy shade. Wherever water lodged and dust collected seeds of small plants had taken root.

Even in the cracks of beams and boards, wherever exposed to the sunlight, seeds had found lodgment and germinated; and in one corner, to which the sunlight came but for a short time, but where there was pretty constant moisture, an acorn placed there by a jay or squirrel had sprouted. Necessarily its career would be soon cut short, and already a great mouse-colored spider had rather closely invested it with cobwebs. The wonderful change which nature was steadily effecting was just beginning, it is true; but, could the old barn remain, it would soon be more open than now to both sunlight and showers, and then what a rank growth would cluster about it, both within and without! Even the heavy threshing-floor would be lifted up and sturdy tree-growth push aside every obstacle. Strange as it may seem, unchecked vegetation can absorb or digest even so huge a mouthful as a barn. How clearly all that I saw hinted of that which is to come, unless man should interfere. Nature, with artistic fingers, has already cast a veil over the clumsy handiwork of man, and leaving to her the task, the old and once ugly barn would become really beautiful.

Robespierre's Game of Chess.

From Hatton's "When Greek Meets Greek."
(Lippincott.)

"CHECK," said Robespierre's opponent, who was no other than the ubiquitous Melville, the official-looking person who had impressed de Fournier at the Cercle des Boutons Blancs; a man of distinguished manners, who had succeeded in keeping outside the category of the suspected, an *habitué* of many years' standing at the famous café, and who had frequently been invited by Robespierre to join him at his favorite game.

"Check," said Melville, taking a silver box from the pocket of his capacious waistcoat and refreshing himself with a pinch of the lightest of golden-looking dust, part of which he brushed with a white hand from his broad coat-collar.

"Kings will get into trouble," remarked Robespierre, with a cynical smile. "Can't move but by virtue of an ecclesiastical diversion. Well, we must humor him." And he brought a bishop to his majesty's relief.

"Check," again said Melville, taking the bishop with his knight.

"And the Church is a broken reed, eh?" said Robespierre. "Well, then the queen shall help him." And he moved his queen.

"Check," said Melville, taking the queen.

"What!" said Robespierre. "Lay your sacrilegious hand upon the queen! Nay, Monsieur Melville, I had you down on my list as a loyal man."

"And you are right, citizen. Loyal to France."

"But you take my queen?"

"To check the king."

"And you think that is wise? Perhaps you are right. It would have been better for Louis if he had had no queen at all."

"Better for Louis if he had had no throne," said Melville. "Check."

"And for the people," said Robespierre, his face bent upon the board, his mind evidently far away.

"Better for some of us if we had never been born," said Melville, his hand upon a pawn.

"Death makes compensation; faith requires martyrs," said Robespierre.

"Checkmate," said Melville.

"And with a pawn!" remarked Robespierre, a sneer showing his canine tooth.

"With a mere pawn. Poor, weak, nondescript king!"

Then, turning to his opponent, he said "Thank you, citizen, for a lesson in strategy. I must now go home and resume that other game in which kings and queens are taken, but not so easily put away as these counterfeits," whom the victorious player was now dropping, one by one, into a box by his side.

"These can be restored, monsieur," said the other.

"My own thought," said Robespierre. "In that respect your king lives to fight again. It was not so when Charles of England fell to the Brewer's pawns."

"But they made a new one," was the bantering reply.

"Royalty in

France will die with Capet, and have no succession."

"We shall call it by some other name, by your leave, most illustrious citizen," said the ubiquitous and daring official of the Buttons, tendering his snuff-box to Robespierre. "Do me the honor, citizen."

"Robespierre smiled in a painful kind of way. His smile was more of a sneer than a smile. It had a threat in it. You did not know that it might not turn to a snarl.

"Thank you," he said, taking a light pinch. "We shall call it the people, monsieur, and it will be the people."

Then turning to Grébauval, Robespierre walked aside with his friend, and they left the café together.



From "When Greek Meets Greek."

Copyright, 1895, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"MARIE WAS AT WORK ON A MINIATURE OF ROBESPIERRE WHEN JAFFRAY ARRIVED."

THE SUN CUP.

From Kimball's "Soul and Sense." (Copeland & Day.)

THE earth is the cup of the sun,
That he filleth at morning with wine,
With the warm, strong wine of his might
From the vintage of gold and of light,
Fills it, and makes it divine.

And at night when his journey is done,
At the gate of his radiant hall,
He setteth his lips to the brim,
With a long last look of his eye,
And lifts it and draineth it dry,
Drains till he leaveth it all
Empty and hollow and dim.

And then, as he passes to sleep,
Still full of the feats that he did
Long ago in Olympian wars,
He closes it down with the sweep
Of its slow-turning luminous lid,
Its cover of darkness and stars,
Wrought once by Hephæstus of old
With violet and vastness and gold.

The Cliffs of Old England.

From Goodwin's "White Aprons." (Little, Brown & Co.)

WHEN Penelope woke, she felt herself so refreshed that she was able to creep on deck, where to her great joy and bewilderment she saw a flock of land-birds flying overhead, and the great cliffs of England looming up in the blue distance.

It is scarcely possible for any with English blood in their veins to look upon those cliffs for the first time without a deep emotion. 'Tis a home-coming even to one born thousands of miles away; for this little island is the home-stand of the race, and rich in all the traditions which are very part and parcel of the lives of its children. As Penelope looked upon its still distant shores, a thousand recollections of tales heard in childhood at her father's knee rose in her mind, and for an instant blotted out the insistency of her private trouble. To the soul wearied and harassed by the present there is no balm like that distilled by thoughts of the past. Steeped therein our little lives assume more nearly their true proportion, and unconsciously we find ourselves less at war with Fate. So it proved with this sorrowful young maid. Sitting on a coil of rope upon the deck, with both arms on the rail and her chin propped thereon, she drew in deep draughts of consolation and sustaining power from the broad seas around her and the nearing shores of her father's old home, which seemed to stretch out arms of welcome to her as his child, and to bid her take courage, for that she was coming not among aliens, but to friends and kindred.

In spite of itself youth is beguiled and cheated of its grief by the passing show; and when at the end of another day the *White Lady* had come through the swelling channel and threaded her way into the calm waters of the Thames, Penelope was absorbed in watching the new life about her. To her eyes, accustomed to the broad Virginia rivers, this muddy stream, filled with boats of every sort and size, and spanned by bridge after bridge, seemed so narrow and insignificant that she could scarce believe it was the same Thames which had played so great a part in history, borne pageants on its bosom, welcomed queens, and wafted great men to yonder gate of London Tower which loomed grim above them.

The grating of the ship against her pier, the

smell of tar along the docks, the rude song of the sailors, "How! How! Rum below!" as they made fast the ropes which bound her to the dock, the rumbling of carts, the cries of the Thames watermen, and that strange overwhelming roar made up of many indistinguishable sounds, and resembling the voice of some live creature, at last forced upon Penelope the consciousness that this was London, and that her journey of three thousand miles was come to an end.

A Usurer.

From Balzac's "Gobseck." (Roberts.)

IMAGINE vividly that pale, wan visage, to which I wish the Academy would allow me to apply the word "moonfaced"; it looked like tarnished silver. My usurer's hair was flat, carefully combed, and sandy-gray in color. The features of his face, impassible as that of Talleyrand, had apparently been cast in iron. His little eyes, yellow as those of a weasel, had scarcely any lashes and seemed to fear the light; but the peak of an old cap protected them. His pointed nose was so pockmarked about the tip that you might have compared it to a gimlet. He had the thin lips of those little old men and alchemists painted by Rembrandt or Metzger. The man spoke low, in a gentle voice, and was never angry. His age was a problem; it was impossible to say whether he was old before his time, or whether he so spared his youth that it lasted him forever.

All things in his room were clean and shabby, resembling, from the green cover of the desk to the bedside carpet, the frigid sanctum of old maids who spend their days in rubbing their furniture. In winter, the embers on his hearth, buried beneath a heap of ashes, smoked, but never blazed. His actions, from the hour of his rising to his evening fits of coughing, were subjected to the regularity of clock-work. He was in some respects an automaton, whom sleep wound up. If you touch a beetle crossing a piece of paper, it will stop and feign to be dead; just so this man would interrupt his speech if a carriage passed, in order not to force his voice. Imitating Fontenelle, he economized the vital movement and concentrated all human sentiments upon the *I*. Consequently, his life flowed on without producing more noise than the sand of an ancient hour-glass. Occasionally, his victims made great outcries, and were furious; after which a dead silence fell, as in kitchens after a duck's neck is wrung.

Towards evening the man-of-notes became an ordinary mortal; his metals were transformed into a human heart. If he was satisfied with his day he rubbed his hands, and from the chinks and wrinkles of his face a vapor of gayety exhaled, for it is impossible to otherwise describe the silent play of his muscles, where a sensation, like the noiseless laugh of Leather-Stocking, seemed to lie. In his moments of greatest joy his words were always monosyllabic, and the expression of his countenance invariably negative.

Such was the neighbor whom chance bestowed upon me at a house where I was living, in the rue des Grès, when I was still a second clerk and had only just finished my third year in the law-school.

Cocoa-Nuts and Birds.

From Melville's "Typee." (American Publishers Corporation.)

SOME of the young men, with more flexible frames than their comrades, and perhaps with more courageous souls, had a way of walking up the trunk of the cocoa-nut trees which to me seemed little less than miraculous; and when looking at them in the act, I experienced that curious perplexity a child feels when he beholds a fly moving feet uppermost along a ceiling.

This mode of walking the tree is only practicable where the trunk declines considerably from the perpendicular. This, however, is almost always the case; some of the perfectly straight shafts of the trees leaning at an angle of thirty degrees.

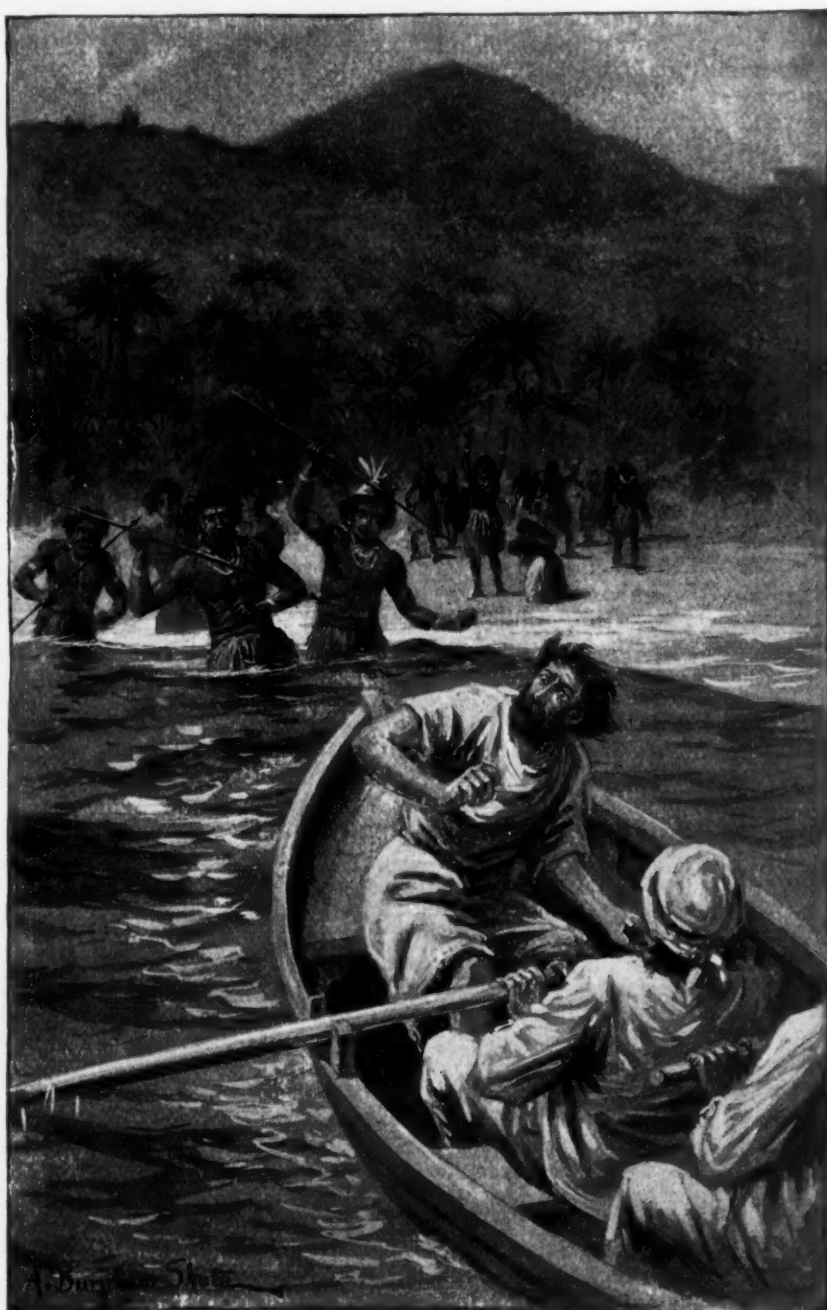
The less active among the men, and many of the children of the valley, have another method of climbing. They take a broad and stout piece of bark, and secure either end of it to their ankles; so that when the feet thus confined are extended apart, a space of little more than twelve inches is left between them. This contrivance greatly facilitates the act of climbing. The band pressed against the tree, and closely embracing it, yields a pretty firm support; while with the arms clasped about the trunk, and at regular intervals sustaining the body, the feet are drawn up nearly a yard at a time, and a corresponding elevation of the hands immediately succeeds. In this way I have seen little children, scarcely five years of age, fearlessly climbing the slender pole of a young cocoa-nut tree, and while hanging perhaps fifty feet from the ground, receive the plaudits of their parents beneath who clapped their hands, and encouraged them to mount still higher.

What, thought I, on first witnessing one of these exhibitions, would the nervous mothers of America and England say to a similar display of hardihood in any of their children? The Lacedæmonian nations might have approved of it, but most modern dames would have gone into hysterics at the sight.

At the top of the cocoa-nut tree the numerous branches, radiating on all sides from a common centre, form a sort of green and waving basket, between the leaflets of which you just discern

the nuts thickly clustering together, and on the loftier trees looking no bigger from the ground than bunches of grapes.

Birds—bright and beautiful birds—fly over the valley of Typee. You see them perched aloft among the immovable boughs of the majestic bread-fruit trees, or gently swaying on the elastic branches of the Omoo: skimming over the palmetto thatching of the bamboo huts; passing like spirits on the wing through the shadows of the grove, and sometimes descending into the bosom of the valley in gleaming flights from the mountains. Their plumage is purple and azure, crimson and white, black and gold; with bills of every tint—bright bloody-red, jet black, and ivory white; and their eyes are bright and sparkling; they go sailing through the air in starry throngs; but alas! the spell of dumbness is upon them all—there is not a single warbler in the valley!



From "Typee."

Copyright, 1892, by Elizabeth S. Melville.
American Publishers Corporation.

"MOW-MOW AND SOME SIX OR SEVEN OTHER WARRIORS RUSHED INTO THE SEA AND HURLED THEIR JAVELINS AT US."

I know not why it was, but the sight of these birds, generally the ministers of gladness, always oppressed me with melancholy. As in their dumb beauty they hovered by me whilst I was walking, or looked down upon me with steady curious eyes from out the foliage, I was almost inclined to fancy that they knew they were gazing upon a stranger, and that they commiserated his fate.

A Victim of "Cram."

From Marie Corelli's *"The Mighty Atom."* (Lippincott.)

"It is necessary for me to know how far you have actually progressed in your studies, before I set you fresh tasks. Referring to the plan so admirably drawn up by your father, it seems you should know something of Greek and Latin—you should also be considerably advanced in mathematics, and you should be fairly strong in history. Stand where you are, please—put your hands behind your back, in case you should be inclined to twiddle your fingers—I hate all nervous movements—" the learned gentleman was apparently unaware of his own capacity for the "fidgets"—"and when you give an answer, look me straight in the face. I have my own special method of examination, which you will have to accustom yourself to."

"Oh, yes!" replied Lionel, cheerfully—"Every tutor has his own special method, and no two methods are alike. It is difficult at first to understand them all—but I always try to do my best."

The professor made no response, but set to his work of catechising in terrible earnest, and before an hour had passed was fairly astonished at the precocity, intelligence, and acute perception of his pupil. The child of ten had learnt more facts of science and history than he, in his time, had known when he was twenty. He concealed his surprise, however, under the cover of inflexible austerity, and the more apt of comprehension Lionel proved himself to be, the more the eminent pedagogue's professional interest became excited and the more he determined to work such promising material hard. This is often the fate of brilliant and intelligent children—the more quickly they learn the more cruelly they are "crammed," till both heart and brain give way under the unnatural effort and forced impetus, and disaster follows disaster, ending in the wreck of the whole intellectual and physical organization. Happy, in these days of vaunted progress, is the dull, heavy boy who cannot learn—who tumbles asleep over his books, and gets a caning, which is far better than a "cramming"—who is "plucked" in his exams, and dubbed "dunce" for his pains; the chances are ten to one though he be put to scorn by the showy college pupil loaded with honors, he will, in the long run, prove the better, aye, and the cleverer man of the two. The young truant whom Mother Nature coaxes out into the woods and fields when he should be at his books—who laughs with a naughty recklessness at the gods of Greece, and has an innate comic sense of the uselessness of learning dead languages which he is never to speak, is probably the very destined man who, in time of battle, will prove himself a hero of the

first rank, or who, planted, solitary in an unexplored country, will become one of the leading pioneers of modern progress and discovery. Over-study is fatal to originality of character, and both clearness of brain and strength of physique are denied to the victims of "cram." Professor Cadman-Gore was an advocate of "cramming"—he was esteemed in many quarters as the best "coach" of the day, and he apparently considered a young human brain as a sort of expanding bag or hold-all, to be filled with various bulky articles of knowledge useful or otherwise, till it showed signs of bursting—then it was to be promptly strapped together, locked and labelled—"Registered Through Passenger for Life." If the lock broke and the whole bag gave way, why then so much the worse for the bag—it was proved to be of bad material, and its bursting was not the professor's fault.

A Musical Enthusiast.

From Caroline Ticknor's *"A Hypercritical Romance."* (Joseph Knight Co.)

"BUT I am getting along much too rapidly with my narrative. I haven't mentioned where it was I first met Winthrop; his name is Winthrop, Winthrop Van der Water; such a nice name: a happy combination of the best in Boston and New York. But to think that I should have seen him first at a symphony rehearsal, leaning against a radiator near the wall, not far from where Aunt Sophia and I were seated. I had been trying to make up my mind, during some Russian music, whether to have a girls' luncheon for cousin Louisa, or a card-party in the evening, when suddenly I became conscious that some one was watching me, and I glanced up hurriedly to meet a clear and penetrating gaze which seemed to read my very soul and fathom all my frivolous thoughts of card-parties and luncheons. Tall, handsome, interesting, he stood with head thrown back, drinking in every note of that wild, crashy Russian music, as though his life depended upon the verdict of the orchestra. I knew him instantly for one of those genuine enthusiasts who prefer the concerts when there are no soloists, and who pay a quarter of a dollar, and, with a dreamy indifference to having people trample on their toes, enjoy their music standing up.

"I glanced at him once or twice during the symphony, just to see if my theory regarding his being a true devotee was correct; and sure enough it was, for he stayed to the very end of the final movement. I had intended to leave before the second movement myself, but I decided to stay, just to test my own powers of perception in regard to musical types. He interested me as a clearly defined specimen, whom I could satisfactorily analyze. He had a ponderous looking book under his arm, which he opened from time to time—this was a score of the music of course; then he wrote something down with a pencil occasionally—these were comments on the rendering of certain passages, no doubt. I came to the conclusion that he was studying harmony, and therefore came regularly to the rehearsals, while he probably played some instrument with intelligence and feeling."



From Ward's "The White Mountains."

Copyright, 1896, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHOCORUA FROM ALBANY INTERVALE.

OF A POET.

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

From Mitchell's "Collected Poems." (Century Co.)

He sang of brooks, and trees, and flowers,
 Of mountain tarns, of wood wild bowers,
 The wisdom of the starry skies,
 The mystery of childhood's eyes,
 The violet's scent, the daisy's dress,
 The timid breeze's sly caress.
 Whilst England waged her fiery wars
 He praised the silence of the stars,
 And clear and sweet as upland rills
 The gracious wisdom of her hills.
 Save once, when Clifford's fate he sang,
 And bugle-like his lyric rang.
 He prized the ways of lowly men,
 And trod with them the moor and fen.
 Fair Nature to this lover dear
 Bent low to whisper or to hear
 The secrets of her sky and earth
 In gentle Words of golden Worth.

The Choicest Mountain Climb.

From Ward's "The White Mountains." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

DIRECTLY at its base on the north lies the Albany Intervale, which extends into the heart of the southern wilderness, and is just enough inhabited by pioneer farmers in the openings along the river bottom to give a human feeling to these delightful meadow lands. This separates Chocorua from the Central White Mountain system. To the east the country is comparatively open, and over the southern spurs of the Moats North Conway village can be seen, while Kearsarge towers up behind it. Southward and to the southeast the highlands of New Hampshire, dotted here with farm-houses and there with crystal lakes, come into view, and present a landscape that is devoted neither to nature nor to civilization, but may be claimed by both. It is by reason of this great variety of outlook that Chocorua loses from its

summit the severity and isolation which seem to belong to it when seen from different points in the mountains. It is half-way between the utter wildness of Mount Carrigain and the fascinating beauty of a varied and partially cultivated landscape. In this landscape nothing is more attractive than the lakes, which are seen almost directly below the mountain to the southeast, and whose dark waters glisten in the sunshine. The view of the summer homes which are built around them is not more charming, as seen from Chocorua, than is the view of the granite cone itself, which is always within reach of those who occupy them.

In the Picnic Grove.

From Simmons's "A Village Drama." (Cassell.)

To get to the picnic grove they had to cross a very broad and long pasture of hard, rolling ground, covered with green sod, nibbled so short that it was as smooth as a carpet, but for a tall weed or a bunchy plant here and there which the cattle would not browse. There were scattered oaks, and clumps of shining dark-green bushes, too; the town race-course making a long loop, russet yellow in color, almost from one end of the pasture to the other.

Afar, on the other side, was a fence between the pasture and the grove, though the bars were let down in one spot for the day; and to-day, the pasture near the bars was filling with buggies, saddle-horses, farm-wagons, and the like. Many farmers and such folks had driven six or eight miles, and a number of horses were already staked out near the wagons, some of the good horses looking quite as uncouth and almost as full of wonder as their masters. So full of wonder were the horses that they did not graze, but liked better to stare at each other, and at the procession of newcomers

crossing the green, in broken and wavering lines, like the lines of water that has not yet found a channel.

In the line of travel, the ferns were freshly broken and trampled; their draggling tips not yet having had time even to wilt; and a few shoots and branches of the underbrush and overhanging trees, grown across the path since the year before, had been broken off and thrust aside.

From the middle of the grove came the sound of voices; an excited murmur. Muslins of intense whiteness flashed between the trees, and the middle of the grove was already like a broken and ravaged heart. In there was the little throne of rough gray boards, on which five or six May Queens had been crowned in as many years. The lowest board was widely cracked; the crack being now stuffed full of the dead leaves that had caught there in falling.

George and Jack were in the crowd a few yards behind Kate and Freddy; and Kate knew that they were there so well that the very back of her neck became pink. She carried her shoulders sprucely, for her; feeling, as she did so, that her cotton gown was as trim as hands could make it; and listening to the rustle of her own starched petticoats. For a woman wearing a rustling petticoat is better than other women; she knows that she is better, and all men, and even women, know that she is better.

So careful, until then, not to look behind her, Kate could no longer forbear; and her heart went out in thankfulness to the guardian-angel of lovers, when she saw that George's eyes were fixed on the ground, or on the hat-brim of Charley who stood in front of him, pressed close by the crowd. As for Charley's eyes, there could be no doubt where they were. And they were as wide, and his lips were as straight, as had been those of the little girls forming in procession behind the brass band.

As soon as it became possible to break through the crowd, Kate walked quickly away, until she came to a part of the grove as yet untrodden; and then she began to make herself a little bunch of wild flowers. The iris was the flower just there, deep violet in color, and she made up her bunch with a buttercup or two, and with some little white flowers, which grew with a kind of hardihood that, bearing in mind their youth and open-eyed innocence, showed an unspeakable want of humor.

Kate had made a nosegay as thick as she could hold in one hand when George walked up to her. He stood for a moment without speaking. "I wonder what we can tie it with?" he said at last.

The grasses thereabouts were either too old and brittle, or too young and brittle; but after much diving in his pockets, George found a bit of string. "I guess," he said, "that Freddy told you about our plan for this afternoon? I want you to go with me."

He was holding the flowers while Kate tied them. She looked up quickly at his face. "I'm—I'm so sorry!" she said, and the sorrow in her voice was true enough. "I'm so sorry; but I promised to go with Jack."

George dropped the posies, though the string in Kate's hand kept them from falling to the ground. "What's that?" he said, in a voice as tempered as the first rumble of thunder. "What's that? Going with Jack?"

"Yes," she answered. "He asked me, and I couldn't very well say no, could I?"

"Not if you'd wanted to go with him. Of course not." George turned half away and hung his head.

"Oh, George, what could I do? What could I say? He asked me first!"

Professional Railroad Humorists.

From "Out of Town." (Harper.)

HARFORD noted with interest the unvarying and perhaps aggressive cheerfulness of the average daily commuter. A delay of half an hour was a source of gratification; the hasty rush to the station of a belated suburban gave ground for merriment unrestrained. As these were incidents of frequent occurrence, Harford wondered why they did not lose their novelty, and was finally led to consider more closely than he had hitherto done the traits of a group of fellow-passengers, who may be described as the professional railroad humorists.

... The followers of Lon, the 7:38 special humorist, were named respectively Ed, Will, Van Nort, and Stroudebush, and Harford noted that in other groups the types were similar, although the names may have differed.

Lon was wont daily to rally Van Nort on the incorrectness of his watch, a point of humor which never failed of an immediate and hilarious response from the others of the party.

"Say, Van Nort, ain't that a new watch?" said Stroudebush, acting as runner-up for Lon.

"Where was the fire?" said Will.

"Where did you get the thing, anyhow?" from Ed.

"Why," said Lon, "everybody knows that Smith was advertising for that old tomato-can he lost the other day."

After the laughter subsides Van Nort taps Lon playfully on the cheek, and remarks, somewhat inconsequently, "Shoo-fly!"

Will adds, "T'roarer bum de ay!"

... It was quite evident that to the railroad humorist and his friends the train filled the place of the club or the theatre, but the extraordinary thing, Harford thought, was that there was never a break in their flow of spirits. At times the best of us is troubled in mind, our temper ruffled, our spirit vexed, but not so the gentlemen of the Lon variety. Harford often noticed that the more vexatious a delay might be on the morning train, the merrier became the humorist and the more responsive his friends. If a snow-storm blocked the way and the passengers were nearly frozen to death, Ed would playfully affect to mop the perspiration from his brow, and would well-nigh explode with laughter over Lon's latest *bon-mot*.

... Harford noticed every morning when Lon and his friends first met that there was a moment, a brief moment of seriousness, followed by peals of inextinguishable laughter. He ascertained that the proceedings opened with questions as to the state of the thermometer, and Van Nort was always suspected of exaggeration. The burst of merriment greeted Lon's remark that Van Nort kept his thermometer in the range in summer and in the ice-box in winter. This joke amused the crowd every day that Harford happened to notice them, and, so far as he knows, it is amusing them still.

June Days.

From Robinson's "In New England Fields and Woods."
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

JUNE brings skies of purest blue, flecked with drifts of silver, fields and woods in the flush of fresh verdure, with the streams winding among them in crystal loops that invite the angler with promise of more than fish, something that tackle cannot lure nor creel hold.

The air is full of the perfume of locust and grape bloom, the spicy odor of pine and fir, and of pleasant voices—the subdued murmur of the brook's changing babble, the hum of bees, the stir of the breeze, the songs of birds. Out of the shady aisles of the woods come the flute note of the hermit thrush, the silvery chime of the tawny thrush; and from the forest border, where the lithe birches swing their shadows to and fro along the bounds of wood and field, comes that voice of June, the cuckoo's gurgling note of preparation, and then the soft, monotonous call that centuries ago gave him a name.

General Kukushna the exiles in Siberia entitle him; and when they hear his voice, every one who can break bounds is irresistibly drawn to follow him, and live for a brief season a free life in the greenwood. As to many weary souls and hampered bodies there, so to many such here comes the voice of the little commander, now persuasive, now imperative, not to men and women in exile or wearing the convict's garb, but suffering some sort of servitude laid upon them or self-imposed. Toiling for bread, for wealth, for fame, they are alike in bondage—chained to the shop, the farm, the desk, the office.

Some who hear, obey, and revel in the brief but delightful freedom of June days spent in the perfumed breath of full-leaved woods, by cold water-brooks and rippled lakes. Others listen with hungry hearts to the summons, but cannot loose their fetters, and can only answer with a sigh, "It is not for me," or "Not yet," and toil on, still hoping for future days of freedom.

But saddest of all is the case of such as hear not, or, hearing, heed not the voice of the Kukushna, the voices of the birds, the murmurous droning of bees amid the blossoms, the sweet prattle of running waters and dancing waves. Though these come to them from all about, and all about them are unfolded the manifold beauties of this joyous month, no sign is made to them. Their dull ears hear not the voices of nature, neither do their dim eyes see the wondrous miracle of spring which has been wrought all about them. Like the man with the muck-rake, they toil on, intent only upon the filth and litter at their feet. Sad indeed must it be to have a soul so poor that it responds to no caress of nature, sadder than any imposition of servitude or exile which yet hinders not one's soul from arising with intense longing for the wild world of woods and waters when Kukushna sounds his soft trumpet-call.

Waiting for George.

From Stephen Crane's "George's Mother." (E. Arnold & Co.)

FROM the window at which the man raged came the sound of an old voice, singing. It quavered and trembled out into the air as if a sound-spirit had a broken wing.

"Should I be car-reed tew th' skies
O-on flow ry be-eds of ee ease,
While others fought tew win th' prize
An' sailed through blood-ee seas?"

A little old woman was the owner of the voice. In a fourth-story room of the red and black tenement she was trudging on a journey. In her arms she bore pots and pans, and sometimes a broom and dust-pan. She wielded them like weapons. Their weight seemed to have bended her back and crooked her arms until she walked with difficulty. Often she plunged her hands into water at a sink. She splashed about, the dwindled muscles working to and fro under the loose skin of her arms. She came from the sink, steaming and bedraggled as if she had crossed a flooded river.

There was the flurry of a battle in this room. Through the clouded dust or steam one could see the thin figure dealing mighty blows. Always her way seemed beset. Her broom was continually poised, lance-wise, at dust-demons. There came clashings and clangings as she strove with her tireless foes.



From "The Provost and the Last of the Lairds." Copyright, 1896, by Roberts Brothers.

A DAMPER.

It was a picture of indomitable courage. And as she went on her way her voice was often raised in a long cry, a strange war-chant, a shout of battle and defiance, that rose and fell in harsh screams, and exasperated the ears of the man with the red, mottled face.

"Should I be car-reed tew th' skies
O-on flow'ry be-eds of ee-ease—"

Finally she halted for a moment. Going to the window she sat down and mopped her face with her apron. It was a lull, a moment of respite. Still it could be seen that she even then was planning skirmishes, charges, campaigns. She gazed thoughtfully about the room and noted the strength and position of her enemies. She was very alert.

At last, she turned to the mantel. "Five o'clock," she murmured, scrutinizing a little, swaggering, nickel-plated clock.

Presently she sprang from her rest and began to buffet with her shrivelled arms. In a moment the battle was again in full swing. Terrific blows were given and received. There arose the clattering uproar of a new fight. The little intent warrior never hesitated nor faltered. She fought with a strong and relentless will. Beads and lines of perspiration stood upon her forehead.

Three blue plates were leaning in a row on the shelf back of the stove. The little old woman had seen it done somewhere. In front of them swaggered the round nickel-plated clock. Her son had stuck many cigarette pictures in the rim of a looking-glass that hung near. Occasional chromos were tacked upon the yellowed walls of the room. There was one in a gilt frame. It was quite an affair, in reds and greens. They all seemed like trophies.

The little old woman looked at the clock again. "Quarter 'a six."

She had paused for a moment, but she now hurled herself fiercely at the stove that lurked in the gloom, red-eyed, like a dragon. It hissed, and there was renewed clangor of blows. The little old woman dashed to and fro.

As it grew toward seven o'clock the little old woman became nervous. She often would drop into a chair and sit staring at the little clock.

"I wonder why he don't come," she continually repeated. There was a small, curious note of despair in her voice. As she sat thinking and staring at the clock the expressions of her face changed swiftly. All manner of emotions flickered in her eyes and about her lips. She was evidently perceiving in her imagination the journey of a loved person. She dreamed for him mishaps and obstacles. Something tremendous and irritating was hindering him from coming to her.

She had lighted an oil-lamp. It flooded the room with vivid yellow glare. The table, in its oil-cloth covering, had previously appeared like a bit of bare, brown desert. It now was a white garden, growing the fruits of her labor.

"Seven o'clock," she murmured, finally. She was aghast.

Then suddenly she heard a step upon the stair. She sprang up and began to bustle about the room. The little fearful emotions passed at once from her face. She seemed now to be ready to scold.

Young Kelcey entered the room.

The Soul's Awakening in Ulrica.

From Holland's "The Lure of Fame." (New Amsterdam Book Co.)

ONE warm summer evening in June, a month before Ulrica was fourteen, I was down at the church, and, as most of the children were away up the valley or sailing ships in the lake, I had no audience that night. The church was very still, and I played on, number after number from the oratorios, till the sun went down behind the hills, and then in the gathering gloom I played some of the psalms and hymn tunes. I did not know any one had entered the church, but in a moment or two there came a sound out of the twilight, a girl's voice, and its sweetness was unspeakable. The voice entranced me. It rose, singing the words of the hymn I played as I had never heard them sung before, filling the bare little church as if with the sound of angel music. I dared not look round, for I feared to break the spell, and to bring both the singer and myself down to earth again—earth, with its dying day and gathering darkness. At length I reached the end, and the last pure silvery notes died away, with a sharp echo round the bare walls.

Then I turned in my seat and looked, and saw Ulrica standing in the narrow aisle, a few paces distant, in the centre of a slant of twilight, which struck through the western window and fell full upon her.

Her face seemed transfigured with ecstasy, as she stood with hands hanging clasped together in front of her, a faint flush in her cheek, her golden hair falling like a nimbus upon her shoulders, and her slender figure drawn to its fullest height.

But it was her eyes which I noticed, forgetting aught else. They shone bright, with a new-found exultant lustre, and the mystery which had often puzzled me was at length made clear.

I knew now what the angel's kiss had wrought in the child, and that God's gift to her soul was Song.

I had never suspected the gift of song of which Ulrica proved the possessor, though for a long while I had often wondered what lay behind those marvellous eyes of hers, through which the soul of the child seemed to shine, but as yet imperfectly.

Afterward, when talking to her, she told me that she never sang much before that night, because she felt her tongue tied. She had played with the children by the shore of the lake till, in a pause of their mirth and noise, the faint echo of the organ's music reached her, and something caused her to leave the other children, and drew her nearer to listen.

And then, she told me, the dying of the day and the calm stillness had made her sad, and she had come, drawn by an irresistible power, into the church. And then, as she stood in the aisle listening to my playing, the desire seized her to sing. And so she opened her lips, and the sound came, causing the bare white walls of the little church to become dim and fade away, and her to forget aught else beside the fact that she was singing, and that she was terrified at the marvellous gift she possessed and the sweet notes which fell from her lips.

Such was the soul's awakening in Ulrica.

A Great Actress.

From "The Flaw in the Marble." (Stokes.)

"I SUPPOSE there can be, at any rate, no doubt about her art—that she was a great artist, I mean?" asked Wayne.

"That also is a question which may be answered in two ways," replied Martelys. "There is no denying her marvellous power; she was a born genius, and she did not despise the training necessary to mature her talents, as so many born geniuses do. But her creations, wonderful as they were, left her cold. She could drive a thousand people of a hundred different types and habits and ideals wild with enthusiasm, and feel no corresponding thrill herself. She had not merely the indispensable retenue which is the result of training—that self-command which even in the most impassioned scenes never for a moment lets an actor forget the *how* as well as the *why* of his influence on people's emotions—she went beyond that: she simply did not care.

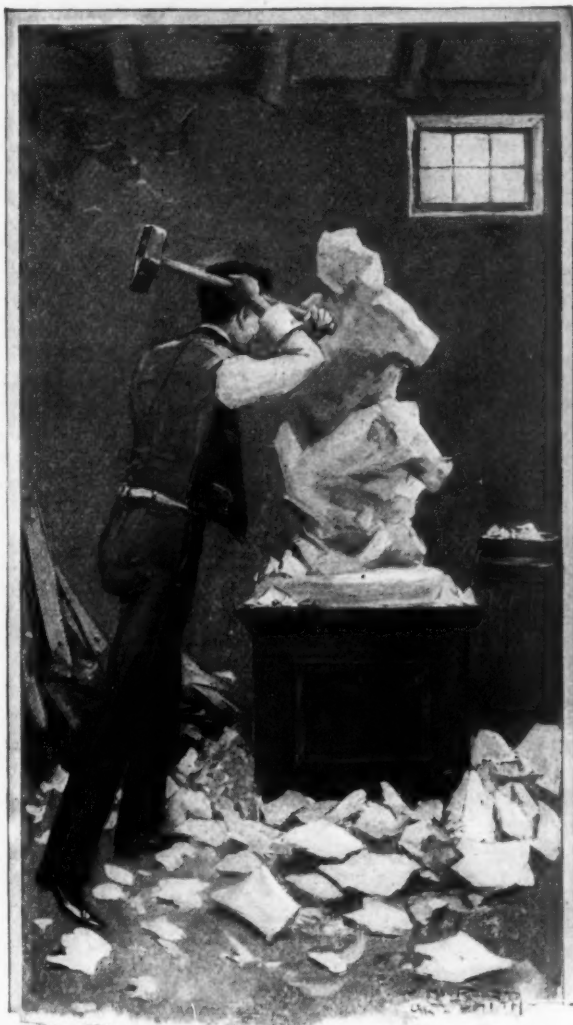
"But how, in that case, did she achieve being a great actress?" queried Wayne.

"One-half of art is deceptive convention, and the rest selection, plus the faculty for unremitting and unimpassioned observation," said de Fresnaye. "She could reproduce every emotion or passion common to man without ever feeling any one of them in any shade or degree: *dans un mot*, she was a great actress."

"You say she could reproduce all natural emotions," resumed Martelys, "and you are very nearly right; but there is one which is said to be the natural heritage of every woman, born with her like her hands, or feet, or eyes, which she never could convey—tenderness."

"Only because it did not enter into any of her parts," said de Clavières quietly; "if it had, she would have portrayed it as convincingly as any other emotion. Nobody who has not seen her act," he went on, turning to Wayne, "can possibly realize the power and truth with which she conveyed feelings which to her personally were a dead letter. I speak '*en connaissance de cause*,' for I have the misfortune to be a critic, and my trade has become a second nature to me. And I have the further misfortune to be a dramatic author; and who ever heard of a playwright being satisfied with the representation of his own work? Well, I speak now as both author and critic. Madame Le Fagon did me the honor to play the leading part in more than one piece of mine, and I give you my word I never knew all they could mean until I saw them played by her. I am thinking more especially of '*Une Vaine Passion*' and '*La Femme Incomprise*.' It was a case of sheer inspiration. She made me realize at one and the same moment—for, with all his vanity an author is forced inwardly to recognize his limitations—alike the pettiness of my own art and the greatness of hers; a greatness which outstripped all achievements of her forerunners, and will never be equalled by any who come after. And it was the same, in a lesser degree, when I saw her in the works of master-dramatists."

"She was marvellous, inexpressible, indescribable," exclaimed Vibecq. "When I tell you that I, *vieux cabotin que je suis*, I used to find myself forgetting the public, forgetting myself, forgetting my cue, that I might stand still and watch her! And what a voice she had!"



From "The Flaw in the Marble." Copyright, 1896, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"LANTHONY STRUCK RIGHT AND LEFT AT THE MARBLE FIGURE."

A Modern Harun-al-Raschid.

From Andreae's "The Vanished Emperor." (Rand, McNally.)

THE personality of the Arminian Emperor is perhaps as well known to the world in general as that of any other prominent European ruler. He has been described and dissected so often in the public prints of this and other countries that there is scarcely anything new left to say about him. Yet, curiously enough, one feature—and to my mind the most striking of all—has rarely, if ever, been dwelt upon in these multifarious descriptions. I mean the extraordinary resemblance he bears to his late grandfather, the great Emperor Willibald I.

In stature he is indeed smaller than the illustrious founder of the Arminian Empire. But in face his likeness to him is remarkable. The keen gray-blue eye, with its quick, penetrating glance, is the same, though it perhaps expresses more of the indomitable energy and stern will-power and somewhat less of the exceeding kindliness of heart which endeared the old emperor, especially in his latter years, to every one who knew him. The proud lines of the mouth, with its characteristically pursed under lip, also recall the venerable monarch.

Much has been said of the brusque manner

of the young Emperor Willibald, his contempt for what may be termed general conventionalities, and his disregard of the feelings of those who serve him. Maybe it is all just and true. But what of it? A character must be judged as a whole, whether it be the character of a common toiler of the earth or that of a ruler over forty-odd millions of men. And, taken as a whole, a finer specimen of his kind than Willibald II., Arminian Emperor and King of Brandenburg, may be sought for in vain. That he is intensely proud no one can deny. But, even if there be a spice of arrogance in his pride, it is, on the other hand, leavened with a stern sense of duty which raises it immeasurably high above the mere vapid silliness of ordinary conceit and vanity. Relentless of purpose, he spares himself as little as he does others in his pursuit of that which he has once determined to attain. Military to the core, like all his predecessors, with few exceptions, he carries the strict principles of discipline and subordination into every business that happens to engage his attention—and to what kind of business, be it governmental, administrative, military, or purely social, has he not at some time or other given his personal attention? The world may sneer and snigger at the spectacle of a modern Harun-al-Raschid appearing at this latter end of our humdrum nineteenth century, or may affect virtuous indignation at seeing a monarch, young, self-confident, able, and untiringly active, repudiate the notions of his time, and, regardless of custom and the claims and opinions of those who surround him, elect to stand forth alone, without props, a sufficient support in himself.

After all, in this age of sovereign nonentities it is by no means an unimpressive sight to see a king who is not merely content to possess his crown, but is also determined to wear it; who not only performs the formal functions of his exalted office, but also accepts all its burdens and responsibilities. Such is the Emperor Willibald, and, whatever theoretical views his critics may entertain as to the most ideal form of government and similarly abstruse questions, they must give him credit for a personality as eminent and striking as any known in the world's history.

Greatness Thrust Upon Her.

From Sara Jeannette Duncan's "His Honour and a Lady." (Appleton.)

JOHN CHURCH was forty-two, exactly double her age, when he married Judith Strange, eight years before, in Stoneborough, a small manufacturing town in the north of England, where her father was a Nonconformist minister. He was her opportunity, and she had taken him, with private congratulation that she could respect him and private qualms as to whether her respect was her crucial test of him—considered in the light of an opportunity. Not in any sordid sense; she would be more inclined perhaps to apologize for herself than I am to apologize for her. But with an inordinately hungry capacity for life she had the narrowest conditions to live in. She knew by intuition that the world was full of color and passion, and when one is tormented with this sort of knowledge it becomes more than ever grievous to inhabit one of its small, dull, grimy blind

alleys, with the single anticipation of enduring to a smoke-blackened old age, like one of Stoneborough's lesser chimneys. There was nothing ideal about John Church except his honesty—already he stooped, already he was gray, sallow, and serious, with the slenderest interest in questions that could not express their utility in unquestionable facts—but when he asked her to marry him, the wall at the end of the alley fell down, and a breeze stole in from the far East, with a vision of palms and pomegranates. She accepted him for the sake of her imagination, wishing profoundly that he was not so much like her father, with what her mother thought almost improper promptitude; and for a long time, although he stood still outside it, her imagination loyally rewarded her. She felt the East to her finger-tips, and her mere physical life there became a thing of vivid experience, to be valued for itself. If her husband confounded this joy in her expansion with the orthodox happiness of a devoted wife, it cannot be said that he was particularly to blame for his mistake, for numbers of other people made it also. And when, after eight years of his companionship, and that of the sunburned policeman, the anæmic magistrate, the agreeable doctor, their wives, the odd colonel, and the stray subalterns that constituted society in the stations they lived in, she began to show a little lassitude of spirit, he put it down not unnaturally to the climate, and wished he could conscientiously take a few months' leave, since nothing would induce her to go to England without him. By this time India had become a resource, India that lay all about her, glowing, profuse, mysterious, fascinating, a place in which she felt that she had no part, could never have a ny part, but that of a spectator. The gesture of a fakir, the red masses of the gold-mohur trees against the blue intensity of the sky, the heavy sweetness of the evening wind, the soft color and curves of the homeward driven cattle, the little naked babies with their jingling anklets in the bazaar—she had begun to turn to these things seeking their gift of pleasure jealously, consciously thankful that in spite of the Amusement Club, she could never be altogether bored.

John Church went back to work with his satisfaction sweetened by the fact that his wife had told him that she was very pleased indeed, while Mrs. Church answered the Honorable Mr. Lewis Ancram's letter.

"I have been making my own acquaintance this morning," she said among other things, "as an ambitious woman. It is intoxicating, after this idle, sun-filled, wondering life, with the single supreme care that John does not wear ragged collars to church—as a Commissioner he ought to be extravagant in collars—to be confronted with something to assume and carry out, a part to play, with all India looking on. Don't imagine a lofty intention on my part to inspire my husband's Resolutions. I assure you I see myself differently. Perhaps, after all, it is the foolish anticipation of my state and splendor that has excited my vain imagination as much as anything. Already, prospectively, I murmur lame nothings into the ear of the Viceroy as he takes me down to dinner! But I am preposterously delighted. To-morrow is Sunday—I have an irreverent desire for the prayers of all the churches."

The Seventeen-Year Locusts.

From Torrey's "Spring Notes from Tennessee."
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE seventeen-year locusts made the air ring. Heard at the right distance, the sound has a curious resemblance, noticed again and again, to the far-away, barely audible buzz of an electric car. For a week the air of the valley woods had been full of it. I wondered over it for a day or two, with no suspicion of its origin. Then, as I waited for a car at the base of Missionary Ridge, a colored man who stood beside me on the platform gave me, without meaning it, a lesson in natural history.

"The locuses are goin' it, this mornin', ain't they?" he said.

"The locuses?" I answered, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes. Don't you hear 'em?"

He meant my mysterious universal hum, it appeared. But even then I did not know that he spoke of the big, red-eyed cicada that I had picked off a fence a day or two before and looked at for a moment with ignorant curiosity. And even when, by dint of using my own eyes, I learned so much, I was still unaware that this cicada was the famous seventeen-year locust. Here in the north woods I more than once passed near a swarm of the insects. At short range the noise loses its musical character; so that it would be easy to hear it without divining any connection between it and the grand pervasive hum of the universal chorus.

Intellectual Respectability.

From Garry's "Out of Bounds." (Holt.)

"DULL?" she said, in response to his pity for her. "No. I have gone about with my father. I have seen things other girls don't. And, bless me! one has a better time living on the verge of a life like that of the Tempests than inside it. They are amusing, from the outside. Would you believe it, the other day I heard Mrs. Tempest and her sister gravely discussing for two hours the ethics of servants' uniform? And they have puckers on their foreheads while they wonder whether an *entrée* was perfectly successful. Ah! I assure you, they are serious-minded. If I were housekeeper for a week, I'd give them no dinner for two days out of it. They'd die, not of inanition, but of surprise and shock. They've all been to school and talk French, and have packets of books from Mudie's, and they solemnly argue about things lower folks settled three centuries ago. They join societies for reading, and Miss Ethel, and Miss Emily, and Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Jones drink tea, eat cake, and read Shelley, and Browning, and Shakespeare. They couldn't read them alone, or without tea and cake. They have no time, of course. They are an hour over dinner on the most private night, and they read all the advertisements of the *Queen*, and have a large correspondence with shop-keepers, and work for bazaars, as if their children's living depended on it. We had an intellectual visitor the other day. She thought the conversation frivolous, and led it into other paths. I didn't follow. I fell asleep. When I woke she was informing them how many times the word "that" is misused in a certain chapter of Matthew Arnold. You should

have seen them listening. They knew nothing about it, but they said it was "so interesting." After dinner they sent down to your uncle, at the rectory, for the book in question, and they actually counted the offending *thats*. When I laughed about it next day, Mrs. Tempest said she was so sorry I made so little of the opportunities for self-improvement that came in my way. Well, you see, I've had better from old John Finnes, the cobbler, my father's friend. Ah! they're kind enough, and very amiable; but I'd like to make the ladies smoke a big cheroot, and swear a little—just for once. Of course, I should like them to repent—but they'd be better for the fall. Only their blood is not thick enough. Now, Mr. Ayres, you see I am bad and ungrateful. And they are your friends, these good people. Well, I have not laughed at them in order to hurt your feelings, but to show you how abandoned is my character."

Maisie was using her reckless tongue as chaperon; but Stephen the while was reflecting how little opportunity had been given him for studying his neighbors. . . . And Maisie laughed and Stephen laughed, and Maisie said she was glad he was worse than he looked, and laughed again, and then forgot all her bitterness and her raillery, and only remembered they were both young, that the night was free and sweet-smelling, and the turf by the roadside light to tread, and that the stars smiled brightly out of the sky.



From "Out of Bounds." Copyright, 1896, by Henry Holt & Co.

"HE PICKED STRAWBERRIES FOR MAISIE."

THE SUMMER.

From Townsend's "Down the Bayou." (Lippincott.)

It came with bloom,
And sweet perfume,
And brook-songs low and tender;
With pinks awake,
For Summer's sake,
And days and nights of splendor.
It came with birds
And low of herds,
And youthful footsteps straying
Beyond the yields
Of harvest fields,
While farmer-folk went haying.

Now Summer's dawn
And dusk are gone;
And Autumn winds come straying
Through lane and wood,
Where erst we stood
When farmer-folk went haying.
But all it brought,
And all it taught,
That summer mid the mowing,
And what it said,
While cheeks grew red—
What would ye give for knowing?

In the Servian Forest.

From Chambers's "A King and a Few Dukes."
(Putnam.)

"WHAT'S a trout or two?" I argued; "the King may take my rod if he likes; I'll tell him so. But I draw the line on netting trout—and on slaughtering breeding pheasants. I'll just give him a chance at the Guinea grouse if that will amuse him. Yes, and I'll let him shoot red-deer and chamois if he cares to—and he may have a try at a Carpathian bear too."

So I walked on, pitying the lot of the tramp King, deciding to give their Graces of Babu and Taxil my cellar keys and let them drink themselves to death if they pleased. And all the while, I kept my eyes open for the Guinea grouse, and my ears open for the quhit! quhit! quhit!-t-t! whir-r! of the rising game.

The fir woods had given place to more open groves of walnut, chestnut, and linden; the ivy grew thicker among the roots and underbrush, and broad patches of sunny ferns and brake clustered along the path.

On the soft loam along the spring brooks' bank I saw the tiny heart-shaped print of the red-deer and the broader impression of the stag. A wild-boar too had been that way, a sow, I took it, followed close by her little fierce long-bristled piggies. Once, passing a salt lick, I saw the human-like mark of a bear's foot, and, a little further on, a dozen perfect imprints where a wild-cat had marched around in a bit of swampy ground and had sharpened his nails on a young tchozza-tree.

"A tom-cat," I mused, "preparing a serenade for Mrs. Pussie to-night. They'll probably dine on one of my grouse."

When at last I came to the Tschiska River, I unstrapped my gun, flung my creel and rod on the moss, and sat down to wipe the perspiration from neck and chin. Then I bathed head and face and wrists in the sweet icy stream, drinking long deep draughts, spitting the water from my mouth like a triton at play, burrowing luxuriously into the silvery bottom sands with both hands, until the little trout fry along the bank scuttled far and near in dire dismay.

A Russian sable peered cunningly at me from a cleft in the rocks, wrinkled its nose, sniffed, and withdrew hurriedly. A great white alpine butterfly with brick red spots on its wings fluttered about me fearlessly, finally alighting on

one of my wet shoes. I watched it uncoil its proboscis and begin a capricious luncheon from the moisture glistening on my gaiters. The wood-flies and saw-flies filled the dim woods with their buzzing; jewelled spiders wove in the sun, watching for gnats, or scuttled in and out among the galleries of their gossamer labyrinths. Somewhere near by, a thrifty wood-mouse was busy among the beetles in a rotten log, and, high above the pines on the cliffs, I heard the squealing of young kestrels.

Clark Prepares to Meet Hamilton.

From English's "Conquest of the Northwest." (Bowen-Merrill Company.)

CLARK was surrounded with difficulties other than those so feelingly and forcibly stated in his letter to the governor. He had at this time but little over one hundred American soldiers. The French inhabitants had manifested so much alarm since the arrival in the country of Hamilton's army of five or six hundred, that Clark did not know with certainty, that he could rely upon his French soldiers, who probably did not number over a hundred. The Indians were now nearly all against him. He was far from the source of his supplies, with a superior force and a strong fort intervening. He was destitute of money, provisions, and other necessities, with no possible hope of aid from any quarter, and so far away from Virginia, in fact, that he could not even get word there in time to receive assistance, if it had been possible to obtain it. The country he was trying to hold was so vast and the two chief military posts now left him so far apart, that it was utterly impossible to long hold out with his present resources. To use his own words his situation was truly "desperate." "My number of men," he said, "was too small to stand a siege, and my situation too remote to call for assistance."

Not a man of the re-enforcements ordered from Virginia had arrived, nor did Clark at that time know that any re-enforcements had been ordered. If he had not been a brave man, and an able man, he would have given up under these apparently insurmountable difficulties, but now he displayed that great genius, strength of character and indomitable energy which ranks him with the first commanders of that period. He determined to convert a "desperate" condition into a magnificent victory. He would, under all these adverse circumstances, do, with about two hundred men, what Hamilton had shrunk from undertaking with five or six hundred. If he waited until spring Hamilton would probably take him, so he would not wait, but march, in midwinter, and take Hamilton. "I was sensible," said Clark, "that the resolution was as desperate as my situation, but I saw no other opportunity of securing the country," and he inspired his old comrades with his own enthusiastic and patriotic spirit. From that hour every energy of his mind and body was wholly given to making this enterprise a success, and not only his old soldiers joined cordially in the undertaking, but the creole soldiers as well. The French inhabitants, with their mercurial and impressible temperament now rendered their assistance with zeal—the women even urging the men to assist the Americans. Father Gibault was there, "a power behind the throne," inspiring his people in the same condition.



From "Adam Johnstone's Son." [Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford], Macmillan & Co.

AT AMALFI.

From Amalfi Towards Salerno.

From Crawford's "Adam Johnstone's Son." (Macmillan.)

THEY were walking together along the high road which leads from Amalfi towards Salerno. It is certainly one of the most beautiful roads in Europe, and in the whole world. The chain of rocky heights dashes with wild abruptness from its five thousand feet straight to the dark-blue sea, bristling with sharp needles and spikes of stone, rough with a chaos of brown boulders, cracked from peak to foot with deep torn gorges. In each gorge nestles a garden of orange and lemons and pomegranates, and out of the stones there blows a perfume of southern blossom through all the month of May. The sea lies dark and clear below, ever tideless, often still as a woodland pool; then, sometimes, it rises suddenly in deep-toned wrath, smiting the face of the cliff, booming through the low-mouthed caves, curling its great green curls and combing them out to frothing ringlets along the strips of beach, winding itself about the rock of Conca in a heavily gleaming sheet and whirling its wraith of foam to heaven, the very ghost of storm.

And in the face of those rough rocks, high above the water, is hewn a way that leads round the mountain's base, many miles along it, over the sharp-jutting spurs, and in between the boulders and the needles, down into the gardens of the gorges and past the dark towers whence watchmen once descried the Saracen's ill-boding sail and sent up their warning beacon of smoke by day and fire by night.

It is the most beautiful road in the world, in its infinite variety, in the grandeur above and the breadth below, and the marvellous rich sweetness of the deep gardens—passing as it does out of wilderness into splendor, out of splendor into wealth of color and light and odor, and again out to the rugged strength of the loneliness beyond.

The Year of the Indian Mutiny.

From Merriman's "Flotsam." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THERE are some who would fain wipe the year 1857 out of the British calendar. A year truly of woe and distress and unspeakable horror; a year standing out prominently in great red letters, so long as the world shall remember the English race. But we who now look back, standing as it were farther down the avenue of time, to those days receding fast into the perspective of history, can scarcely fail to recognize that the Indian Mutiny is a corner-stone of our race.

Years such as eighteen hundred and fifty-seven must ever be remembered; such years are the leaven of the ages. A race of human beings is a chain hung down into the centuries. The weather beats upon it, the changes of the seasons try it and chafe and rust it. Prosperity and misfortune alike sap at its strength. It is not only the rain but the sunshine also that deteriorates. Our English chain has hung through fair and foul, and at times a great strain has been put upon it, testing it, proving that its links are not worn yet.

Forty years ago such a strain tugged at us, and we held good. Surely it was well to have been a link of the chain at that time. Surely those men and women, ay, and the children, died to some purpose!

What of Neill and Hodson, of Ewart, of Cooper, who leapt alone through a breach into a stronghold where we killed two thousand; of Adrian Hope, the giant with the gentle smile and the terrible sword; of Nicholson, of Peel, of Inglis, of the clerk Kavanagh, who between sunset and dawn handed his name down to history; of Taylor, of Gubbins, the dauntless civilians; of Neville Chamberlain; of the thousand and one soldiers and civilians who sprang up, like mushrooms in a meadow, wheresoever the need came? What of these? They were Englishmen, and 1857 told us that we had

them. Assuredly we may reflect with pride that 1857 was added to our history, that these men were the contemporaries of our fathers, that the women who suffered and were strong, that the men who fought, were the fathers and mothers of some us.

The news awaiting Harry and Marqueray in the billiard-room of the Field Club was that of the outbreak at Meerut—the cloud, large only as a man's hand, which had risen in the north, and was to spread over all India.

To Harry and to such as he—and they were many in the Anglo-Indian army in those days—the news had but little meaning. For the ignorance of the majority of subalterns was as great as subsequently their courage proved to be.

Harry stood upright by the billiard-table with flashing eyes, with his strong fingers handling the hilt of his virgin sword, and he was not the only man in that room who welcomed this news as the promise of a campaign and promotion.

The gravity of their seniors was scarcely heeded by these young fellows, who were perhaps a little tired of the regular and uneventful life of barrack-yard and mess-room.

"If there is to be any fighting," said Harry to Marqueray, with his bold spirit blazing in his eyes, "by gad, I'll have a fling at it."

"Yes," answered Marqueray, with his gentle smile, "I've no doubt you will."

"And you are just the sort of Englishman we want just now," he reflected, though he did not say it. And his eyes rested with something like affection on the dare-devil, reckless face.

A Race Which Will Inherit the Earth.

From "Robert Atterbury." (Cassell.)

THIS ocean knows nothing of the land, but sometimes, from far away, where the great continent gasps under the throbbing sun, there blows a fierce, hot wind. The sea feels its coming and mutters sullenly; then, as if refusing to receive even a message from the land, it gathers itself together and wages war against it. Then is heard the roar of deep calling unto deep, mingled with the shrieks of the wind warriors. But whether in sleepy peacefulness or in wild warfare, there is nothing here but the elements of air and water. Man has not placed his brand upon the vast plain; no smoke from giant chimneys blackens its shining surface with the signs of toil; no sewers vomit the refuse of cities into its uncontaminated depths. It laughs and frowns, plays idly with the summer wind, and dashes its foam to heaven when its waves meet in anger, all unconscious of man and his world; of palaces and fetid prisons; of hot, dark forges where, amid the roar of mighty furnaces, the stubborn iron gives up its will and stretches itself out in long serpents of fire, obedient to its master; of crowded workshops where men, women, and little children spend all their days in labor which gives them only daily bread and strength to toil again.

No knowledge has this wild sea of darkling forest shades, of murmuring pebbly brooks that all night long sing quiet tunes; no faintest imagination of wood-anemones and violets, of orange groves and cluster of red, red roses.

One would say this part of the world had nothing to do with that—that smoky, toiling,

greedy world, so full of care and wrong and pain—this free, irresponsible waste of air and water. Yet the earth is a little globe. The morning sun tinges this lonely horizon and wakes to laughter these foam-crested waves before the last light of day has faded in the west, to the world-weary eyes that have forgotten how to joy in its brightness. Who can know that the quiet, resistless march of ages will not bring these ends of the earth together?

Down in these depths, undisturbed by any commotion on the surface, myriads of tiny creatures are toiling. Slowly but surely they build walls, which in time will be reefs, will be islands, will grow through countless years into continents whose snowy mountain-tops will gather the moisture from the air and send soft rains to refresh its smiling valleys; whose spreading forests will creep down to the shores of sweet inland seas. By and by, where now these green waves roll, every sound of life and joy and love will resound.

Out in that other world, the world of men, are also many laborers. They have brave hearts and ready hands. In the dark places of the great cities, in the cruel, blood-stained countries of man's earth, man the deliverer is reaching out to his brother men. Across chasms rent by years of wrong and oppression, hand clasps hand; the poor are learning the griefs and sorrows of the rich, and have compassion; the rich are learning the nobility of the poor, and have respect; and in all lands men are coming to know themselves, and the inherent, absolute laws that control their being. Here and there are those who live according to those laws, actually and truly according to them and by them; and in these rare and possibly isolated places there is growing up a race which will inherit the earth.

We cannot know when it will be, but just as surely as the reef, upon which the coral insect builds, will appear above the surface of the water, so surely that emancipated race will come.

It will be, in its freedom, akin to the waves; in its truth and majesty akin to the heavens; and it may be that on the unpolluted soil of that new continent there will at last be true human happiness.

How Teachers Bore Me!

From Setoun's "Robert Urquhart." (Warne.)

"It would be great fun if Elsie were to fall in love with Mr. Urquhart after all," Robert remarked to his brother.

He had been listening to the conversation, and was already, with all a boy's love of romance, making a story of startling developments.

"What nonsense you do talk, Rob!" Elsie regarded him from the superiority of her great age and experience, and talked to him like a mother, smiling indulgently at his childish folly. "It's time you were preparing for church, both of you."

But Andrew was more practical and saw no romance whatever.

"I know what I'll do if he talks to me about interest and discount, and all that nonsense," he observed.

"And what will you do?" his father asked.

"I'll ask him the difference between mush-

rooms and toadstools. Elsie didn't know, and she'd been at a ladies' college."

"And she didn't know a linty's egg from a blackie's," Robert remembered.

"And you mind what she said when we showed her a mavis's nest?" Andrew pursued.

"Oh, what a funny thing! Who made it?"

"But I know better now," Elsie laughed.

"You know I do."

"How many eggs does the bat lay?" Andrew interrogated.

"Away with you boys, away," their father said, rising.

"Five," Elsie cried at a venture after the retreating boys.

"Five, five, oh! oh!"

The boys shouted all the way upstairs, and after their bedroom door was shut she heard them still laughing at her ignorance.

Mr. Muir smiled too as he turned away, and Elsie laughed herself. With all her young ladies' college accomplishments, her French, and music, and painting, she was no match for these boys, who, with infinitely less book learning, knew a thousand and one things of which she was totally ignorant. What information she had, she had got from books, a second-hand information at best. But her cousins were full of a knowledge not to be learned from books—secrets which Nature whispers to those only who love her. The hills and the loch, the moss, the fields; trees and hedges, and streams; birds and beasts, and creeping things; spring and summer, and autumn and winter; these had been their teachers, and now they came to books with a full mind. After all, she was no better than the teachers she despised; for her knowledge was the very knowledge she derided. This thought flashed through her brain now, as she stood by the window looking across the moss to the loch, sparkling frostily in the hard sunshine. She had never thought of her accomplishments in that way before, and she blushed, standing alone.

"Bah!" she exclaimed, turning impatiently and walking to the window opposite. "It's their little pedantic ways I despise; and all teachers are the same, lady teachers too. I don't wish to know him, and I won't."

The Ocean on the North Shore.

From "*The North Shore of Massachusetts*." (Scribner.)

THE ocean on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay possesses a wider range of expression than on the other side, where it begins to woo the sands of Cape Cod and to yield to the milder moods of the Gulf Stream. It is a veritable lion here, and the rugged, rock-bound coast seems to be a necessary bulwark to stay the fury of the elements. The very temperature of the water, and the fresh, bracing vigor of the winds, suggest a strength and majesty which is sometimes trying to human constitutions which lack vitality. But though a lion when roused, this northern sea has a nobleness of disposition which makes you forget its cruelty on the very morrow after it has strewn the beach with salvage, and dashed in gorgeous spray well-nigh up to your chamber window. Then there is a depth of blue in the sky and water, and a life-giving, life-stirring warmth in the sun which fills the soul with gladness; and when at nightfall the breeze dies away, and the pink and saffron clouds paint themselves upon the peaceful deep and the silent landscape, what a joy it is to sit and watch the twilight fade into night, the stars appear, and the lighthouse beacons come out like other stars along the horizon. How still, refreshing, and soothing is the night! You only just catch the refrain of the automatic buoy-whistle guarding the Graves, appropriately known as the Melancholy Bull, telling, from across the bay, that the storm has been; and once and again a cool, saltry puff announces the advent of the night-breeze. Now rides the moon, and far away across her glittering wake glides some coaster like a phantom ship. Can this be the ocean which yesterday seemed so cold and cruel and revengeful, as you listened to the roar of the wind upon the roof? Even the "Reef of Norman's Woe," that poetic sorrow of the coast, the Mecca of the tourist who visits Gloucester, has lost its treacherous leer, and suggests for a moment to the ever-hopeful soul that nature has become the slave of man. Such days, such nights are the frequent recurring boon of the dweller by the North Shore.



From "*The North Shore of Massachusetts*." Copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.



From "The North Shore of Massachusetts."

CAPE ANN.

Copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Any book or article mentioned in this paper supplied at the shortest notice.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue, with select lists of other suitable reading. The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, frequently containing descriptive notes. For other books of a more general character, suitable for summer reading, see the publishers' advertisements.

BOOKS ON NATURE.

- Abbott (C. C.), Notes of the night, and other outdoor sketches, \$1.50.....Century
 Allen (Grant), The story of the plants, 40c.....Appleton
 Briggs (H. M.), By tangled paths, \$1.25.....Warne
 Brightwen (Mrs. E.), Inmates of my house and garden, \$1.25.....Macmillan
 Brown (Alice), By oak and thorn, \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 By meadow and stream, \$2.25.....Scribner
 Cory (C. B.), Key to the water-birds of Florida, net, \$1.75; pap., \$1.50.....Whidden
 Fowler (W. W.), Summer studies of birds and books, \$1.75.....Macmillan
 Grant (Rob.), North shore of Massachusetts, 75c.....Scribner
 Howe (R. H.), jr., Every bird, \$1.....Whidden
 Knobel (E.), Fresh-water fishes, net, 75c.; pap., net, 50c.....Whidden
 — Night moths of New England, net, 50c.....Whidden
 Lydekker, Royal natural history, 36 nos., ea., pap., 50c.....Warne
 Mabie (H. W.), Essays on nature and culture, \$1.50.....Dodd, M
 Miller (Mrs. O. T.), Four-handed folk, \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 Miller (E.) and Whiting (M. C.), Wild flowers of the Northeastern States, \$4.50.....Putnam
 Robinson (R. E.), In New England fields and woods, \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 Torrey (Bradford), Spring notes from Tennessee, \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 Ward (J. H.), The White Mountains, new rev. ed., \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 Wright (J.), Garden flowers and plants: a primer for amateurs, net, 35c.....Macmillan
 Wright (M. O.), Birdcraft, net, \$3.....Macmillan
 Young (C. S.), The lady's-slippers, net, 75c.....Whidden

**

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

- Adolphus (F.), Some memories of Paris, \$1.50.....Holt
 Balfour (Alice), Twelve hundred miles in an ox-wagon (travels through Metabeleland and Mashonaland), \$3.50.....E. Arnold
 Bangs (J. K.), A house-boat on the Styx, \$1.25.....Harper

- Battye (A. T.), Ice-bound on Kolguev, \$7.....Macmillan
 Bliss (W. R.), Quaint Nantucket, \$1.50.....Houghton, M
 Brooks (Noah), The Mediterranean trip, net, \$1.25.....Scribner
 Burnham (S. M.), Pleasant memories of foreign travel, net, \$3.....Whidden
 Butterworth (H.), In old New England, \$1; pap., 50c.....Appleton
 Chanler (W. A.), Through jungle and desert, \$5.....Macmillan
 Chevrillon (André), In India, \$1.50.....Holt
 Clement (Mrs. C. E.), Constantinople, \$3.....Estes & L
 Clodd (E.), Story of primitive man, 40c.....Appleton
 Conway (Sir W. M.), The Alps from end to end, \$7.....Macmillan
 Cousins (Rev. W. E.), Madagascar of to-day, \$1.....Revell
 Crawford (F. M.), Constantinople, \$1.50.....Scribner
 Curtis (W. E.), Venezuela, \$1.25.....Harper
 Davis (R. H.), About Paris, \$1.25.....Harper
 — Three gringos in Venezuela and Central America, \$1.50.....Harper
 Field (H. M.), Our western archipelago (Alaska) \$2.....Scribner
 Grosvenor (E. A.), Constantinople, 2 v., \$10.....Roberts
 Hearn (L.), Kokoro, \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 Hubbard (E.), Little journeys to the homes of good men and great, \$1.75.....Putnam
 Knight (R. F.), Madagascar in war-time, \$4.....Longmans
 Luffmann (C. B.), A vagabond in Spain, \$2.50.....Scribner
 McCracken (W. D.), Little idyls of the big world, 75c.....Jos. Knight Co
 Mackay (G. L.), From far Formosa, \$2.....Revell
 Marsh (H.), Two seasons in Switzerland, \$3.50.....Dodd, M
 Mitchell (D. G.), English lands, letters, and kings, v. 3, \$1.50.....Scribner
 Palmer (J. A.), jr., Again in Hawaii, \$1.50.....Lee & S
 Parsons (A.), Notes in Japan, \$3.....Harper
 Ralph (J.), Dixie, \$2.50.....Harper
 Remington (F.), Pony tracks, \$3.....Harper
 Rideing (W. H.), In the land of Lorna Doone, \$1.....Crowell
 Somerset (H. S.), The land of the muskeg (N. W. Canada), \$4.....Lippincott
 Stoddard (C. A.), Cruising among the Caribbees, \$1.50.....Scribner
 Tristram (H. B.), Rambles in Japan, \$2.....Revell

Tyndall (J.), *Glaciers of the Alps*, new ed., \$2.50.
Longmans
 Weeks (E. L.), *From the Black Sea through Persia and India*, \$3.50.....*Harper*
 White (C. E.), *A holiday in Spain and Norway*, pap., 50c.....*Lippincott*
 Wolf (T. F.), *Literary shrines: haunts of some famous American authors*, \$1.25.....*Lippincott*
 Wolfe (T. F.), *A literary pilgrimage among the haunts of famous British authors*, \$1.25.....*Lippincott*
 Woolson (C. F.), *Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu*, \$1.75.
Harper
 Workman and Hunter, *Algerian memories: a bicycle tour*, \$2.....*Randolph*
 Wright and Upham, *Greenland ice-fields*, \$2.....*Appleton*
 Younghusband (F. E.), *The heart of a continent*, \$6.
Scribner

* *
 THE NEW NOVELS.

Abbott (C. C.), *A colonial wooing*, \$1.....*Lippincott*
 Aide (H.), *Elizabeth's pretenders*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Putnam*
 Alexander (Mrs.), *Broken links*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Cassell*
 — *A fight with fate*, \$1.25.....*Lippincott*
 — *A winning hazard*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Appleton*
 Allen (G.), *A bride of the desert*, 50c.....*Fenno*
 — *The British barbarians*, \$1.....*Putnam*
 Allen (Grant), *Duchess of Powysland*, \$1; pap., 50c.
American Pubs
 Allen (Ja. L.), *Aftermath*, pt. 2 of a "Kentucky cardinal," \$1.....*Harper*
 — *Summer in Arcady*, \$1.25.....*Macmillan*
 Andreae (P.), *The vanished emperor*, \$1.25.....*Rand, McN*
 Anstey (F.), *Lyre and lancet*, \$1.25.....*Macmillan*
 Atherton (Mrs. G. F.), *A whirl asunder*, 50c.....*Stokes*
 Austin (M. M.), *'Cension*, \$1.....*Harper*
 Bagby (A. M.), *Miss Träumerei*, \$1.50.....*Lamson, W*
 Bailey (A. W.), *Mark Heff on*, \$1.25.....*Harper*
 Baldwin (Mrs. A.), *Story of a marriage*, \$1.50.
Lippincott
 Balzac (H. de.), *At the sign of the Cat and Kacket*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *Beatrice*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *The Chouans*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *The country doctor*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *A daughter of Eve*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *Eugénie Grandet*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *Ferragus, etc.*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *The gallery of antiquities*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *Gobseck*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *The marriage contract*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *Old Goriot; The atheist's mass, ea.*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *The quest of the absolute*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *A start in life*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *The unknown masterpiece*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *Ursule Mirouët*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 — *The wild ass's skin*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 Bangs (J. K.), *The bicyclers*, \$1.25.....*Harper*
 Baring-Gould, *The broom-squire*, \$1.25.....*Stokes*
 Barnes (Ja.), *For king and country*, \$1.50.....*Harper*
 Barlow (J.), *Strangers at Lisconnel*, \$1.25.....*Dodd, M*
 Barr (Mrs. A. E.), *Bernicia*, \$1.25.....*Dodd, M*
 Barr (Rob.), *From whose bourne*, 75c.....*Stokes*
 — *A woman intervenes*, \$1.25.....*Stokes*
 Barrett (F.), *A set of rogues*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 Barrie (J. M.), *Auld light idyls*, new il. ed., \$1.25.....*Fenno*
 — *A window in Thrums*, new il. ed., \$1.25.....*Fenno*
 Bates (Mrs. L. W.), *Bunch-grass stories*, \$1.25.
Lippincott
 Beaumont (M.), *A Ringby lass (stories)*, 75c.....*Macmillan*
 Becke (L.), *The ebbing of the tide: South Sea stories*, \$1.25.....*Lippincott*
 Behrens (B.), *Beetzen Manor*, \$1.25; pap., 50c.
International News Co
 Belden (J. V. Z.), *Fate at the door*, \$1.....*Lippincott*
 Bell (Lillian), *The under side of things*, \$1.25.....*Harper*
 Bell (Ma.), *The country minister's love-story*, \$1.50.
Randolph
 Benson (E. F.), *The judgment books*, \$1.....*Harper*
 Berringer (Mrs. O.), *The new virtue*, \$1.....*E. Arnold*
 Besant (W.), *In deacon's orders, and other storie*, \$1.50.
Harper
 Besant (W.), *The master craftsman*, \$1.50.....*Stokes*
 Bigelow (Mrs. E.), *Diplomatic disenchantment*, \$1.25.
Harper
 Black (Alex.), *Miss Jerry*, \$1.....*Scribner*
 Black (W.), *Briseis*, \$1.50.....*Harper*
 Blackmore (R. D.), *Slain by the Doones (stories)*, \$1.25.
Dodd, M
 Blake (M. M.), *Courtship by command*, 75c.....*Appleton*
 Blatchford (Rob.), *Tommy Atkins of the Ramchunders*, \$1.25.....*E. Arnold*
 Bloomfield (W.), *Holdenhust Hall*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Banner*
 Boldrewood (Rolf), *The crooked stick*, \$1.25.
Macmillan
 Boothby (Guy), *A bid for fortune*, \$1; pap., 50c.
Appleton
 — *The beautiful white devil*, \$1.....*Ward, L*
 Boulger, *An island princess*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Putnam*
 Boulton (H. M.), *Josephine Crewe*, \$1.25.....*Longmans*
 Brainerd (T. H.), *Robert Atterbury*, 50c.....*Cassell*
 Breton (F.), *God forsaken*, \$1.25; pap., 50c.....*Putnam*
 Bridges (Rob.), *Suppressed chapters and other bookishness*, \$1.25.....*Scribner*
 Broughton (R.), *Scylla or Charybdis?*, \$1; 50c.....*Appleton*
 Brown (Alice), *Meadow-grass: tales of New England life*, \$1.50.....*Copeland & D*
 Buchan (J.), *Sir Quixote of the moors*, 75c.....*Holt*
 Buchanan (Rob.), *Diana's hunting*, 75c.....*Stokes*
 — *Effie Hetherington*, \$1.50.....*Roberts*
 — *A marriage by capture*, 75c.....*Lippincott*
 Bullock (S. F.), *By Thrasna river*, \$1.50.....*Ward, L*
 Burgin (G. B.), *At Tuxter's*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Putnam*
 Burnett (Mrs. F. H.), *A lady of quality*, \$1.50.....*Scribner*
 Burnham (Mrs. C. L.), *The wise woman*, \$1.25.
Houghton, M
 Burton (J. B.), *In the day of adversity*, \$1; pap., 50c.
Appleton
 Cable (G. W.), *Madame Delphine (Ivory ser.)*, 75c.
Scribner
 Caine (Hall), *The Bondman*, new ed., \$1; pap., 50c.
Appleton
 — *The shadow of a crime*, pap., 25c.....*Fenno; Rand, McN*
 Carey (R. N.), *Mrs. Romney*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Lippincott*
 Carleton (W.), *Traits and stories of the Irish peasantry*, \$1.50.....*Routledge*
 Carpenter (E.), *Your money or your life*, \$1.25.....*Scribner*
 Case (W. S.), *Forward House*, \$1.....*Scribner*
 Chambers (Rob. W.), *A king and a few dukes*, \$1.25.
Putnam
 — *The maker of moons*.....*Putnam*
 — *The red republic*, \$1.25.....*Putnam*
 Christian (Sydney), *Persis Yorke*, \$1.25.....*Macmillan*
 Clifford (Mrs. W. K.), *A flash of summer*, \$1; pap., 50c.
Appleton
 Cobban (J. M.), *King of Andaman*, \$1; pap., 50c.
Appleton
 Collins (Mabel), *A debt of honor*, pap., 50c.
American Pubs
 Conney (Mrs.), *A ruthless avenger*, \$1; pap., 50c.
Lippincott
 Corelli (Marie), *Cameos*, \$1.....*Lippincott*
 — *The mighty atom*, \$1.25.....*Lippincott*
 — *Sorrows of Satan*, \$1.50.....*Lippincott*
 Cotes (Mrs. E.), *His Honour, and a lady*, \$1.50.....*Appleton*
 Couch (A. T. Q.), *Ia, a love-story*, 75c.....*Scribner*
 — *Wandering heath (stories)*, \$1.25.....*Scribner*
 Crackanthorpe (H.), *Sentimental studies*, \$1.....*Putnam*
 Craigie (C.), *An old man's romance*, \$1.25.....*Copeland & D*
 Crane (Stephen), *George's mother*, 75c.....*E. Arnold*
 — *Maggie, a girl of the streets*, \$1.....*Appleton*
 — *The red badge of courage*, \$1.....*Appleton*
 Crawford (F. M.), *Adam Johnstone's son*, \$1.50.
Macmillan
 — *Casa Braccio*, 2 v., \$2.....*Macmillan*
 — *Katharine Lauderdale*, new ed., in 1 v., \$1.....*Macmillan*
 Crockett (S. R.), *Cleg Kelly*, \$1.50.....*Appleton*
 — *A Galloway herd*, \$1; pap., 50c.....*Fenno*
 — *The men of the moss-hags*, \$1.50.....*Macmillan*
 Crosse (V.), *A woman who did not*, \$1.....*Roberts*
 D'Arcy (Ella), *Monochromes (Keynotes ser.)*, \$1.....*Roberts*
 Daggett (Mrs. C. S.), *Mariposilla*, \$1.25.....*Rand, McN*
 Davis (H. R.), *In sight of the goddess*, 75c.....*Lippincott*
 Davis (R. H.), *Cinderella, and other stories*, \$1.....*Scribner*
 Davis (Mrs. R. H.), *Doctor Warrick's daughters*, \$1.50.
Harper

King (A. E.), Kitwyk stories, \$1.50.....Century Co
 King (C.), Captain Close and Sergeant Ceresus, \$1; pap., 50c.....Lippincott
 — Captain Dreams, and other stories, \$1; pap., 50c.....Lippincott
 — Story of Fort Frayne, \$1.25.....Neely
 — Sunset Pass, \$1; pap., 50c.....American Pubs
 — Trooper Ross and Signal Butte, \$1.50.....Lippincott
 — Trumpeter Fred, 75c.....Neely
 Kinkead (E. T.), Young Greer of Kentucky, \$1.25.....Rand, McN
 Kovalevsky (S. K.), Vera Vorontzoff, \$1.25.....Lamson, W
 Lang (A.), A monk of Fife, \$1.25.....Longmans
 La Rame ["Ouida"], Toxin, 75c.....Stokes
 Lean (Mrs. F.), At heart a rake, \$1.....Cassell
 Lemon (Ida), Matthew Furth, \$1.25.....Longmans
 Le Queux (W.), Stolen souls (stories), \$1.....Stokes
 — The temptress, \$1.....Stokes
 — Zoraida, \$1.50.....Stokes
 Lever (C.), Novels of adventure, 6 v., per v., \$2.50.....Little, B
 Lindsey (W.), Cinder-path tales, 75c.....Copeland & D
 Lipsett (Caldwell), Where the Atlantic meets the land (Keynotes ser.), \$1.....Roberts
 Locke (W. J.), The demagogue and Lady Phayre, \$1.....E. Arnold
 Lummis (C. F.), The gold fish of Gran Chimú, \$1.50.....Lamson, W
 Lynch (L. L.), No proof, pap., 25c.....Rand, McN
 Maartens (M.), The black-box murder, pap., 25c.....Fenno
 — My Lady Nobody, \$1.75.....Harper
 McClelland (M. G.), Mammy Mystic, 75c.....Merriam Co
 Macdonald (G.), Lilith, \$1.25.....Dodd, M
 Machen (A.), The three impostors, \$1.....Roberts
 Mackie (J.), Sinners twain, 75c.....Stokes
 Maclaren (Ian), Beside the bonnie brier bush, pap., 25c.....Ogilvie
 — Same, 15c.....Dodd, M
 — Same, 25c.; 50c.; 75c.....Sergel
 — Same, 25c.....Weeks
 — The days of auld lang syne, \$1.25.....Dodd, M
 — A doctor of the old school, \$2.....Dodd, M
 McLean (A.), Paul Heriot's pictures, \$1.25.....Warne
 Macleod (F.), The mountain lovers, \$1.....Roberts
 MacMahon (E.), A modern man, 75c.....Macmillan
 — A new note, \$1.25; pap., 50c.....Fenno
 — A pitiless passion, \$1.25.....Macmillan
 McManus (L.), The red star, 50c.....Putnam
 Maeterlinck (and others), Massacre of the innocents, and other tales, \$1.25.....Stone & K
 Magruder (J.), The Princess Sonia, \$1.25.....Century Co
 Makower (S. V.), The mirror of music, \$1.....Roberts
 Mallock (W. H.), The heart of life, \$1.25; pap., 50c.....Putnam
 Mather (M.), Lancashire idylls, \$1.50.....Warne
 Mann (M. E.), Susannah, \$1.25.....Harper
 Marchbank (A.), Ruth Farmer, \$1.....Cassell
 Marchmont (A. W.), Sir Jaffray's wife, 80c.....Warne
 Margueritte (P.), L'Avril, \$1; \$1.50.....Crowell
 Marsh (R.), Mrs. Musgrave—and her husband, \$1; pap., 50c.....Appleton
 Martel de Janville ("Gyp"), Chiffon's marriage, 50c.....Stokes
 — Those good Normans, \$1.....Rand, McN
 Martin (Mrs. H.), Lindsay's girl, \$1.25; pap., 50c.....Fenno
 Masters (C.), The shuttle of fate, \$1.25.....Warne
 Mason (A. E. W.), Romance of Wastdale, \$1.25.....Stokes
 Matthew (J. B.), His father's son, \$1.50.....Harper
 Mears (M. M.), Emma Lou: her book, \$1.....Holt
 Melville (H.), Typee; Omoo; Moby Dick; White Jacket, new il. ed., ea., \$1; pap., 50c.....American Pubs
 Meredith (G.), The amazing marriage, \$2.50.....Scribner
 Meredith (Mrs. K. M. C.), Green gates, \$1.25.....Appleton
 Merriman (H. S.), Flotsam, a study of a life, \$1.25.....Longmans
 — The grey lady, \$1.25.....Macmillan
 — The sowers, \$1.25.....Harper
 Mitchell (S. W.), A Madeira party (stories), \$1.....Century Co

Mitchell (J. A.), Amos Judd, 75c.....Scribner
 Moncreiff (F.), The X jewel, \$1.25.....Harper
 Montresor (F. F.), False coin or true?, \$1.25.....Appleton
 — Into the highways and hedges, \$1; pap., 50c.....Appleton
 — The one who looked on, \$1.25.....Appleton
 — Worth while, 75c.....E. Arnold
 Moore (F. F.), One fair daughter, pap., 25c.....Weeks
 — Phyllis of Philistia, \$1.....Cassell
 — The sale of a soul, 75c.....Stokes
 — The secret of the court, \$1.25.....Lippincott
 Morris (W.), The wood beyond the world, \$3.....Roberts
 Morrison (A.), Chronicles of Martin Hewitt, \$1; pap., 50c.....Appleton
 Murray (D. C.), The martyred fool, \$1.25.....Harper
 Murfree (M. N.), The mystery of Witch-face Mountain, \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 Nadal (E. S.), Notes of a professional exile (stories), \$1.....Century Co
 Needell (Mrs. J. H.), The vengeance of James Vansittart, \$1; pap., 50c.....Appleton
 Nesbit (E.), In homespun, \$1.....Roberts
 Nevinson (H. W.), In the valley of Tophet, \$1.....Holt
 Norris (W. E.), Billy Bellew, \$1.50.....Harper
 — The dancer in yellow, \$1; pap., 50c.....Appleton
 — St. Ann's, pap., 50c.....Cassell
 Oliphant (Mrs. M. O. W.), The story of a governess, \$1.25.....Fenno
 — Two strangers, 75c.....Fenno
 O'Neill (Ja.), Garrison tales from Tonquin, \$1.25.....Copeland & D
 Ottolengui (R.), The crime of the century, \$1; pap., 50c.....Putnam
 Out of town, \$1.25.....Harper
 Parker (B. C.), A woman who failed, \$1.....Roberts
 Parker (Gilbert), Seats of the mighty, \$1.50.....Appleton
 — When Valmond came to Pontiac, \$1.50.....Stone & K
 Payne (Will), Jerry the dreamer, \$1.25.....Harper
 Peattie (E. W.), A mountain woman, \$1.25.....Way & W
 Peel (Sir R.), An engagement, 50c.....Stokes
 Pemberton (M.), A gentleman's gentleman, \$1.25.....Harper
 — Jewel mysteries, \$1.50.....Ward, L
 — The little Huguenot, 75c.....Dodd, M
 Perry (Bliss), The plated city, \$1.25.....Scribner
 Personal recollections of Joan of Arc, Mark Twain, \$2.50.....Harper
 Phelps (E. S.), A singular life, \$1.25.....Houghton, M
 — The supply at St. Agatha's, \$1.....Houghton, M
 Pinsent (E. F.), No place for repentance, 75c.....Randolph
 Pool (M. L.), Against human nature, \$1.25.....Harper
 Porter (R.), My son's wife, \$1.....Randolph
 Praed (R. M. C.), Mrs. Tregaskiss, \$1; pap., 50c.....Appleton
 Prescott, (E. L.), The apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley, \$1.25.....Harper
 — A mask and a martyr, \$1.50.....E. Arnold
 Pugh (E. W.), A street in Suburbia, \$1.....Appleton
 Ralph (J.), People we pass: stories of New York City, \$1.25.....Harper
 Raymond (W.), In the smoke of war, \$1.25.....Macmillan
 Read (O. P.), The Jucklins, \$1.....Laird & L
 Rhoscomyl (O.), Battlement and tower, \$1.25.....Longmans
 Riddell (Mrs. C. E. L.), A rich man's daughter, \$1.25; pap., 50c.....International News Co
 Rideing (W. H.), The captured Cunarder, 75c.....Copeland & D
 Ridge (W. Pett), A clever wife, \$1.25.....Harper
 — Second opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst, \$1.25.....Harper
 Roberts (C. G. D.), Barth's enigmas, \$1.25.....Lamson, W
 Rod (E.), The white rocks, \$1.25.....Crowell
 Rogers (R. C.), Will o' the Wasp, \$1.25.....Putnam
 Rosemary and Rue, \$1.....Rand, McN
 Ross (C.), The Countess Bettina, \$1; pap., 50c.....Putnam
 Rowlands (E. A.), A faithful traitor, \$1; pap., 25c.....Lippincott
 Russell (Dora), A hidden chain, \$1; pap., 25c.....Rand, McN
 Russell (W. C.), Auld lang syne, pap., 25c.....Rand, McN
 — The Copsford mystery, \$1.25; pap., 50c.....New Amsterdam

- Russell (W. C.), Romance of a transport, \$1; p.p., 50c. *Cassell*
 — A three-stranded yarn, pap., 25c. *Weeks*
 — The honour of the flag (stories), 50c. *Putnam*
 Ryan (M. E.), A chance child, \$1.25. *Rand, McN*
 Sanborn (A. F.), Moody's lodging house, and other tenement sketches, \$1.25. *Copeland & D*
 Sand (G.), Fadette; Master mosaic-workers, ea., \$1.25. *Little, B*
 Savage of civilization, \$1. *Tait*
 Savage (R. H.), Checked through, \$1; pap., 50c. *Rand, McN*
 — Miss Devereux of the Mariquita, pap., 50c. *Neely*
 Savidge (E. C.), The American in Paris, \$1. *Lippincott*
 Schulze-Smidt, A madonna of the Alps, \$1.25. *Little, B*
 Scott (D. C.), In the village of Viger, \$1. *Copeland & D*
 Scully (W. C.), Kafir stories, 75c. *Holt*
 Seawell (M. E.), A strage sad comedy, \$1.25. *Century*
 Sergeant (A.), Dr. Endicott's experiment, 50c. *Cassell*
 — The failure of Sibyl Fletcher, \$1; pap., 50c. *Lippincott*
 — Marjory Moore, \$1. *Cluett*
 — The mistress of Quest, \$1; pap., 50c. *Appleton*
 — Out of due season, \$1; pap., 50c. *Appleton*
 — A rogue's daughter, \$1. *Stokes*
 Setoun (G.), Robert Urquhart, \$1.50. *Warne*
 — Sunshine and haar: stories of BarnCraig, \$1.25. *Harper*
 Sharp (Evelyn), At the Relton Arms (Keynotes ser.), \$1. *Roberts*
 Shiel (M. P.), The rajah's sapphire, 75c. *Ward, L*
 — Shapes in the fire. *Roberts*
 Sienkiewicz, Children of the soil, \$2. *Little, B*
 Simmons (V. S.), A village drama, 50c. *Cassell*
 Smith (F. H.), A gentleman vagabond (stories), \$1.25. *Houghton, M*
 — Tom Grogan, \$1.50. *Houghton, M*
 Smith (Gertrude), Dedora Heywood, 75c. *Dodd, M*
 Smith (J.), Platonic affections (Keynotes ser.), \$1. *Roberts*
 Smith (Mrs. E. T. T.), A princess of the gutter, \$1.25. *Putnam*
 Snaith (J. C.), Mistress Dorothy Ma vin, \$1; pap., 50c. *Appleton*
 Speight (T. W.), The heart of a mystery, \$1.25; pap., 50c. *Fenno*
 Spender (H.), At the sign of the guillotine, \$1. *Merriam*
 Spofford (H. P.), A master spirit, 75c. *Scribner*
 Steel (Mrs. F. A.), Red rowans, \$1. *Macmillan*
 Stevenson (R. L.), The Suicide Club, 75c. *Scribner*
 — Weir of Hermiston, \$1.50. *Scribner*
 Stimson (F. J.), Pirate gold, \$1.25. *Houghton, M*
 Stockton (F. R.), A chosen few (short stories), \$1.25. *Scribner*
 Stoker (Bram), The Watter's Mou', 75c. *Appleton*
 Stories by English authors: England, Ireland, London, France, 4 v., ea., 75c. *Scribner*
 Strain (E. H.), A man's foes, \$1.25. *Ward, L*
 Stuart (Esmé), Harum-scarum, \$1.25; pap., 50c. *International News Co*
 Stuart (Eleanor), (*pseud.*), Stonepastures, 75c. *Appleton*
 Sturgis (J.), A master of fortune, 75c. *Stokes*
 Sullivan (J. W.), Tenement tales of New York, 75c. *Holt*
 Sutcliffe (H.), The eleventh commandment, \$1.25. *New Amsterdam*
 Swan (M.), A late awakening, 75c. *Ward, L*
 Syrett (Netta), Nobody's fault, \$1 (Keynotes ser.) *Roberts*
 Tasma (*pseud.*), Not counting the cost, \$1; pap., 50c. *Appleton*
 Taylor (Una), Nets for the wind, \$1. *Roberts*
 Tennyson (M. E.), A cruel dilemma, pap., 50c. *Cassell*
 Thomson (E. W.), Old man Savarin, and other stories, \$1. *Crowell*
 Thurber (A. M.), Quaint Crippen—commercial traveler, \$1; pap., 50c. *McClurg*
 Ticknor (C.), A hypercritical romance (stories). *Jos. Knight Co*
 Tiernan ["Christian Reid"], The picture of Las Cruces, \$1; pap., 50c. *Appleton*
 Tinseau (L. de), In quest of the ideal, \$1.25. *Lippincott*
 Tirebuck (W. E.), Miss Grace of All Souls, \$1.25. *Dodd, M*
 Tompkins (E. K.), The broken ring, \$1; pap., 50c. *Putnam*
 — Her majesty, \$1; pap., 50c. *Putnam*
 Townsend (E. W.), Chimmie Fadden explains, \$1; pap., 50c. *American Pubs*
 — A daughter of the tenements, \$1.75. *American Pubs*
 Train (E. P.), Autobiography of a professional beauty, 75c. *Lippincott*
 — Doctor Lamar, new cheaper ed., p.p., 50c. *Crowell*
 — A social highwayman, 75c. *Lippincott*
 Trask (Katrina), White satin and homespun, 75c. *Randolph*
 Twain (Mark), Adventures of Huckleberry Finn; Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's court, new lib. eds., ea., \$1.75. *Harper*
 Van Zile (E. S.), The Manhattaners, \$1. *Lovell, C*
 Vynne (Nora), A comedy of honour, 75c. *Ward, L*
 — A man and his womankind, 75c. *Holt*
 Walford (Mrs. L. B.), A bubble, 50c. *Stokes*
 — Ploughed, and other stories, pap., 50c. *Longmans*
 — Successors to the title, \$1; pap., 50c. *Appleton*
 Walworth (Mrs. J. H.), An old fogey, \$1.25. *Merriam Co*
 Ward (Mrs. H.), History of David Grieve, pap., 50c. *Macmillan*
 — The story of Bessie Costrell, 75c. *Macmillan*
 Warden (F.), A spoilt girl, \$1; pap., 50c. *Lippincott*
 Warden (G.), Her fairy prince, \$1; pap., 50c. *Lippincott*
 — The gray wolf's daughter, \$1.25; pap., 50c. *International News Co*
 Warman (Cy.), Tales of an engineer, \$1.25. *Scribner*
 Watson (H. B. M.), Galloping Dick, \$1.25. *Stone & K*
 Wendell (B.), Duchess Emilia, \$1; pap., 50c. *Scribner*
 — Rankell's remains, \$1; pap., 50c. *Scribner*
 Weyman (S. J.), From the memoirs of a minister of France, \$1.25. *Longmans, G*
 — The king's stratagem (stories), 50c. *Platt & B*
 — The red cockade, \$1.50. *Harper*
 Westall (W.), Sons of Belial, \$1. *Cassell*
 Wheelwright (J. T.), A bad penny *Lamson, W*
 Whishaw (F. J.), The romance of the woods, \$1.75. *Longmans*
 White (E. O.), The coming of Theodora, \$1.25. *Houghton, M*
 White (Percy), Corruption, \$1.25. *Appleton*
 White (W. H.), Clara Hapgood, \$1.25. *Dodd, M*
 Wiggin (Mrs. Kate D.), The village watch-tower (stories), \$1. *Houghton, M*
 Wilkins (M. E.), Madelon, \$1.25. *Harper*
 Williams (J. L.), Princeton stories, \$1. *Scribner*
 Winter (J. S.), A magnificent young man, \$1; pap., 50c. *Lippincott*
 — I married a wife, 75c. *Stokes*
 — Private Tinker, and other stories, 50c. *Stokes*
 Wister (O.), Red men and white (stories), \$1.50. *Harper*
 Wolf (A. S.), A house of cards, \$1.25. *Stone & K*
 Wood (J. S.), Yale yarns, \$1. *Putnam*
 Woolson (C. F.), Dorothy, and other Italian stories, \$1.25. *Harper*
 — The front yard, and other Italian stories, \$1.25. *Harper*
 Wotton (M. E.), Day-books: Chronicles of good and evil. *Roberts*
 Zangwill (I.), Big Bow mystery, 75c. *Rand, McN*
 — The premier and the painter, \$1. *Rand, McN*
 Zola (E.), Jacques Damsour, \$1.25. *Copeland & D*
 — A love episode, \$2. *Lippincott*

OUTDOOR SPORTS AND EXERCISES.

- Chambers (E. T. D.), Book of the Ouananiche, and its Canadian environment, \$1. *Harper*
 Clyde (H.), Pleasure cycling, \$1. *Little, B*
 Cory (C. B.), Hunting and fishing in Florida, net, \$3.75. *Estes & L*
 Elliot (D. G.), North American shore birds, \$2.50. *F. P. Harper*
 Galbraith (A. M.), Hygiene and physical culture for women, \$1. *Dodd, M*
 Grove (Mrs. L.), Dancing, \$3.50. *Little, B*
 Keppel and Hillier, Cycling, new ed. rev., \$3.50. *Longmans*
 Lee (J. P.), Golf in America, \$1. *Dodd, M*
 Oval series: Cycling, by F. F. Bidlake; Baseball, by Knowles and Morton; Riding, by E. J. Ellis; Lawn-tennis, by W. Baddeley; Pyramids and pool games, by J. P. Buchanan, 5 v., ea., 50c. *Routledge*
 Park (W.), jr., The game of golf. *Longman*
 Stewart (W. C.), Practical angler; or, the art of trout-fishing, \$1.25. *Macmillan*
 Track athletics in detail, \$1.25. *Harper*
 Ward (M. E.), Bicycling for ladies, \$1.50. *Brentano's*
 Whitney (Caspar), On snow shoes to the barren grounds—after musk-oxen and wood bison, \$3.50. *Harper*

CARD GAMES, CHARADES, ETC.

- Bird (H. E.), Chess novelties and their latest developments, \$1.50.....Warne
 Boaz (*pseud.*), Laws of bridge adopted by the Portland Club, and a guide to the game (cuchre), 50c.....Scribner
 Broadfoot (W.), Billiards, \$3.50.....Little, B
 Cavendish (*pseud.*), Laws and principles of whist, \$1.50.....Scribner
 Drayson (A. W.), Whist laws and whist decisions, \$1. Harper
 Foster (R. F.), Whist tactics, \$1.25.....Stokes
 Hall (Ruth), What shall we do? suggestions for entertainments, pap., 50c.....De Witt Pub
 How to lead the German, 75c.....Dick & F
 Patton (F. J.), How to win at draw-poker, 25c. Dick & F

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

- Devereux (Roy), The ascent of woman, \$1.25...Roberts
 Dodd (A. B.), Three Normandy inns, \$1.50; pap., 50c. American Pubs
 Dumas (Alex.), Celebrated crimes, 3 v., \$4.50; \$9. Joseph Knight Co
 English (W. H.), Conquest of the northwest, 2 v., \$6; \$8; \$10.....Bowen-Merrill Co
 Engelbach (A. H.), The Danes in England, new ed., 75c.....Warne
 McKinley's (W.) masterpieces: sel. from his addresses, 75c.....Joseph Knight Co
 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, *variorum ed.*, ed. by N. H. Dole, 2 v., \$3.50; \$7.....Joseph Knight Co
 Sanborn (Kate), My literary zoo, 75c.....Appleton
 Sladen (D.), The Japs at home and Bits of China, new cheap ed., \$1.25.....Ward, L
 Williamson (J. J.), Mosby's rangers, \$3.50. R. B. Kenyon



From "Flotsam." Copyright, 1896, by Longmans, Green & Co.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER TRAVELLERS.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York.

Gray's Manual of Botany. Tourists' ed. \$2.00.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York.

Appletons' General Guide to the United States. With numerous maps and illustrations. 12mo, flexible morocco, with tuck, \$2.50. (Part I., separately, NEW ENGLAND AND MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA; cloth, \$1.25. Part II., SOUTHERN AND WESTERN STATES; cloth, \$1.25.)

Appletons' Canadian Guide-Book. A guide for tourist and sportsman, from Newfoundland to the Pacific. With maps and illustrations. 12mo, flexible cloth, \$1.50.

Appletons' Guide-Book to Alaska. By Miss E. R. Scidmore. With maps and illustrations. 12mo, flexible cloth, \$1.25.

Appletons' Handbook of American Summer Resorts. With maps, illustrations, table of railroad fares, etc. 12mo, paper, 50 cents.

Appletons' Dictionary of New York. 16mo, paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., New York.

Cassell's Pocket Guide to Europe for 1896.

With maps, etc. Bound in leather, \$1.50.
 The model book of its kind for accuracy, fulness, legibility of text and maps, compact beauty and usefulness, and very moderate price.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

Bacon's Dictionary of Boston. \$1.50; boards, \$1.00.

Boston Illustrated. Paper, 50 cents.

Satchel Guide to Europe. Edition for 1895. \$1.50.

England Without and Within. By Richard Grant White. \$2.00.

Sweetser's New England. \$1.50.

Sweetser's White Mountains. \$1.50.

Sweetser's Maritime Provinces. \$1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.—Continued.

Nantucket Scraps. By Jane G. Austin. \$1.50.

Mrs. Thaxter's Among the Isles of Shoals. \$1.25.

Jennens' Isles of Shoals (History). \$1.50.

Julius H. Ward's White Mountains. \$1.25.

Mrs. Woodman's Picturesque Alaska. \$1.00.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, New York.

English Scenery. 120 views. 4to, cloth, \$2.50.

Souvenir of Scotland. Its cities, lakes, and mountains. 120 chromo views. 4to, \$2.50; and \$4.00.

Rambles in Rome. By S. Russell Forbes. With maps, plans, and illustrations. 12mo, cloth extra, \$1.50.

Rambles in Naples. By S. Russell Forbes. With maps, plans, and illustrations. 12mo, cloth extra, \$1.25.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

Jackson (Helen ["H. H."]). Glimpses of Three Coasts. 12mo, \$1.50.

These are "Bits of Travel" in California and Oregon, Scotland and England, and Norway, Denmark, and Germany.

Jackson (Helen ["H. H."]). Ramona. A Story. 12mo, \$1.50.

Most delightful glimpses of So. California.

— Bits of Travel. Illustrated. Square 18mo, \$1.25.

— Bits of Travel at Home. Square 18mo, \$1.50.

Drake (Samuel Adams). Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston. With 93 illustrations. 12mo, \$2.00.

— Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex. With 39 illustrations and maps. 12mo, \$2.00.

Aloha. (A Hawaiian Salutation.) By G. L. Chaney. Travels in the Sandwich Islands. With illustrations and map. 16mo, \$1.50.

Constantinople. By Edwin A. Grosvenor. With an introduction by General Lew. Wallace. With 250 illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$10.00.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER TRAVELLERS.—Continued.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Ltd., 29 W. 23d St., New York.

Hare's (A. J. C.) Books of Travel.

Edwards's (A. B.) A Thousand Miles Up the Nile. Profusely illustrated. 8vo, \$2.50.

Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys. A Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites. Maps and illustrations. 8vo, \$2.50.

Caine's Picturesque India. 200 illustrations and map. 8vo, cloth, \$4.00.

Send for Complete Catalogue.

TAINTOR BROTHERS, New York.

Taintor's City of New York.—Hudson River Route.—Saratoga Illustrated Guide.—Seaside Resorts.—Northern New England Resorts.—Pennsylvania Coal Regions.—Erie Railway Route (New York to Niagara Falls).—New York to Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and Thousand Islands, N. Y. C. R. R.—Newport and Fall River Route.—Connecticut River Route (New York to White Mountains).—New York to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Each 25 cents.

WARD, LOCK & BOWDEN, Ltd., New York. On the Cars and Off. Being the Journal of a Pilgrimage along the Queen's Highway to the East, from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, to Victoria, in Vancouver's Island. By Douglas Sladen. Profusely and beautifully illustrated. 8vo, cloth, \$6.00.

BRADLEE WHIDDEN, Boston, Mass. Knobel's Guides in Natural History. Trees and Shrubs. Ferns and Evergreens. Day Butterflies. The Beetles. The Moths. Fresh-water Fishes. Each 12mo, net, 50 cents.

Emerton's Life on the Seashore. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

E. R. WALLACE, (or FOREST PUB. CO.), Syracuse, N. Y.

The Adirondacks. WALLACE's new book now ready. In elegance, interest, and completeness nothing on the subject has ever approached it. Contains much important information never before published; over 600 pages; nearly 200 half-tone engravings, forming a MAGNIFICENT WORK OF ART. Large map. The Standard Guide to the Adirondacks. 8vo, cloth extra, \$2.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO.'S

NEW BOOKS

WISDOM'S FOLLY.

A Study in Feminine Development. By A. V. DUTTON. 16mo, buckram, \$1.00.

THE WAY THEY LOVED AT GRIMPET.

By E. R. ESLER. 16mo, buckram, \$1.00.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.

A Novel of California Life. By H. A. VACHELL. 16mo, \$1.00.

ANIMAL SYMBOLISM IN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

By E. P. EVANS. With bibliography and 78 illustrations. 12mo, \$2.00, net.

OUT OF BOUNDS.

Being the Adventures of an Unadventurous Young Man. By A. GARRY. 18mo. Buckram Series. 75 cents.

The Definitive Life of

R. B. SHERIDAN.

A Biography. By W. FRASER-RAE. Introduction by Sheridan's Great-Grandson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. With portraits, etc. 2 vols., 8vo, \$7.00.

IN THE VALLEY OF TOPHET.

By H. W. NEVINSON, author of "Slum Stories in London." 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Powerfully connected stories of English mining regions.

RUSSIAN POLITICS.

By HERBERT M. THOMPSON. Large 12mo, cloth.

An account of the bearing of Russia's geography and history on Russian politics, and of the latter on questions of world wide interest.

"The result of careful study, compactly, clearly, and effectively presented. His work is vivified by the fact that his heart is in it."—*The Outlook*.

IN INDIA.

By ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON. Translated by William Marchant. 12mo, gilt top, with frontispiece, \$1.50.

A highly vivid and poetical description of Hindu-India. "Writes his book with an enchanted pen."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

ON PARODY.

By ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN. 12mo, \$1.25.

An essay on the art, and humorous selections. "A volume of infinite delight and resource to lovers of English verse. The book is an addition not only to the literature of literary study, but also to the literature of pleasure."—*The Outlook*.

EMMA LOU: HER BOOK.

By MARY M. MEARS. The humorous diary of a Western girl. \$12mo, \$1.00.

"The neatest, closest, and most accurate description of village life in exactly the way an uncommonly bright girl would see it. It is its exceeding naturalness which is so taking. A sound, wholesome, and most amusing story."—*New York Times*.

HENRY HOLT & CO., 29 W. 23d Street, New York.

SCRIBNER'S NEW BOOKS FOR THE SUMMER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LAST STORY.

WEIR OF HERMISTON. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 12mo, gilt top, \$1.50.

STEVENSON'S ESTIMATE OF THE STORY AS QUOTED IN MRS. STRONG'S DIARY: "The story unfolds itself before me to the least detail. There is nothing left in doubt. I never felt so before in anything I ever wrote. It will be my best work. I feel myself so sure in every word."

"Surely no son of Scotland has died, leaving with his last breath a worthier tribute to the land he loved."—SIDNEY COLVIN.

Poems and Ballads. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 12mo, \$1.50.

Comprising the poems in "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Ballads," "Underwoods," and over 40 poems written since those volumes were issued.

A Child's Garden of Verses. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *New Edition.* Profusely and beautifully illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. 12mo, \$1.50.

MRS. BURNETT'S NEW NOVEL.

A LADY OF QUALITY. By Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. 12mo, \$1.50.

"It is a book that will be talked about all the year. Clorinda Wildairs is one of the most piquant, irresistible, and audacious characters in modern fiction. Neither Hardy nor Melville has imagined a more remarkable woman. She is always splendidly human."—*N. Y. Times.*

NEW NOVELS, SHORT STORIES, AND ESSAYS.

Cinderella, and Other Stories. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. 12mo, \$1.00.

Mr. Davis's new volume contains five stories, one of which is a new Van Bibber story, while all are in his best vein.

Wandering Heath. Stories, Studies, and Sketches. By "Q." 12mo, \$1.25.

"Wholly charming."—*Boston Transcript.*

Your Money or Your Life. By EDITH CARPENTER. *A Herald Prize Story.* 12mo, \$1.25.

Comedies of Courtship. By ANTHONY HOPE. Uniform with ROBERT GRANT'S "The Bachelor's Christmas." 12mo, \$1.50.
"They are all bright, all clever."—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Fool of Nature. By JULIAN Hawthorne. *N. Y. Herald \$10,000 Prize Story.* \$1.25.

Adventures in Criticism. By "Q." 12mo, \$1.50.
A volume of bright, pithy essays on various literary topics.

THE IVORY SERIES.

A Master Spirit. By HARRIET Prescott Spofford. 16mo, 75 cents.
A strongly poetic musical story.

Irralie's Bushranger. A Story of Australian Adventure. By E. W. Hornung. 75 cents.
"Compacted of all the good qualities of romantic adventurous fiction."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Ia. A Love-Story. By "Q." 16mo, 75 cents.
"Wholesome, vigorous, and delightful."—*Boston Journal.*

Amos Judd. By J. A. MITCHELL, Editor of *Life*. *Fourth Edition.* 16mo, 75 cents.
"A fascinating book."—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Suicide Club. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 16mo, 75 cents.
"Most characteristic of Mr. Stevenson's peculiar and charming talent."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Madame Delphine. By GEORGE W. Cable. 16mo, 75 cents.

TWO NEW BOOKS BY EUGENE FIELD.

The House. An Episode in the Lives of Reuben Baker, Astronomer, and of His Wife Alice. 12mo, \$1.25.

The Love-Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. With an Introduction by ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD. 12mo, \$1.25.

WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

Now Ready. **Eliza Pinckney.** By HARRIOTT Horry Ravenel, Great-great-granddaughter of Mrs. Pinckney. With Fac-simile Reproduction. 12mo, \$1.25.

A valuable and entertaining picture of life in South Carolina from 1737 through the Revolutionary War, based upon a number of hitherto unpublished letters written by and to Mrs. Pinckney.

Dolly Madison. By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN. 12mo, \$1.25.
Embodying the result of special research, and presenting much new and entertaining information.

Margaret Winthrop. By ALICE MORSE EARLE. 12mo, \$1.25.
"It is history, romance, and biography combined. It can hardly fail to become a classic."—*Boston Advertiser.*

OTHER NEW SPRING BOOKS.

Madame Roland. By IDA M. TARBELL. With 12 illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50.

Sunrise Stories. A Glance at the Literature of Japan. By ROGER RIORDAN and TOSU TAKAYANAGI. 12mo, \$1.50.

LITTLE RIVERS. By HENRY VAN DYKE. *Fourth Edition.* Illustrated. 12mo, \$2.00.
"Best of its author's writings, and one of the most delightful of books."—*The Critic.*

Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York

TWO HISTORICAL WORKS

.....PUBLISHED BY.....

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS AND KANSAS CITY



HON. WM. H. ENGLISH,
Author of "The Conquest of the Country
Northwest of the River Ohio."

ENGLISH'S CONQUEST OF THE NORTHWEST

Conquest of the Country Northwest of the River Ohio, 1778-1783, and Life of Gen. George Rogers Clark, Etc.

Two Volumes, Royal 8vo, Six Dollars Net

Hon. William Hayden English, lawyer, statesman, banker and scholar, is well remembered as the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Gen. Hancock in 1880. An interesting character throughout life, it is as the author of this great work, whose title is above, that he now becomes especially interesting to the general public.

The Conquest of the Northwest of 1778-1783 includes the life and times of George Rogers Clark, conqueror of the northwest, founder of Louisville and hero of that great drama whose denouement nearly doubled the area of the United States, and who first finds his adequate biographer in the author of this great work. Much more than we can possibly outline here is given in estimation of Clark's life, his services and sketches of his various campaigns and of men who served under him. With its many thousand names it is a complete Cyclopedia of Revolutionary times in the West. It is the authority on the period. Two Volumes, Royal 8vo, with Maps and numerous Illustrations.

PRICE, SIX DOLLARS NET. THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO., Publishers.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AN IMPORTANT EPOCH OF HISTORY."

THE TRENT AFFAIR

Including a Review of the English and American Relations at the Beginning of the Civil War.

By THOMAS L. HARRIS, A. M.

The Venezuela complication with Great Britain and the delicacy of our relation with Spain growing out of the Cuban insurrection give timeliness to the volume on "The Trent Affair," by Prof. Thomas L. Harris, A. M., of Chicago University. This episode of the civil war, which brought the United States on the point of war with Great Britain, is full of interest and instruction, important points of international law and the rights of neutrals in relation to belligerents being involved.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Crown 8vo, Gilt Top, Ornamental Cloth, \$1.50.

Published by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Indianapolis and Kansas City.

Publications from the List of

Lamson, Wolfe, & Company.**A Bad Penny.**

A Novel by John T. Wheelwright, with 10 full-page illustrations by F. G. Attwood. \$1.25

King Noanett.

A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay, by F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale), with 12 full-page illustrations by Henry Sandham, R.C.A. 2.00

Magda.

By Hermann Sudermann. A play in four acts. Only authorized translation from the German, by Charles-Edward Amory Winslow. With cover and title-page by Louis J. Rhead. 1.00

The Great Galeoto, and Folly or Saintliness.

By José Echegaray. Two plays done from the Spanish verse into English prose by Hannah Lynch. Brought out in connection with John Lane, of London. Net, 1.50

Two Unpublished Essays.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson, with an introduction by Dr. E. E. Hale. 1.00

Is Polite Society Polite? and Other Essays.

By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. With a new portrait of the author taken especially for this book. 1.50

Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen.

By Bliss Carman. With designs by T. B. Meteyard. Net, 1.50

Low Tide on Grand Pré: A Book of Lyrics.

By Bliss Carman. Net, 1.00

Earth's Enigmas.

A book of stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. 1.25

Vera Vorontzoff.

By Sonya Kovalevsky. Translated by the Baroness Anna von Rydingsvärd. Net, 1.25

The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú.

By Charles F. Lummis. With seven full-page illustrations by Henry Sandham, R.C.A. 1.50

Fairy Tales.

By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. With 12 full-page illustrations by Ethel Reed. 2.00

The White Wampum: A Book of Indian Verse.

By E. Pauline Johnson. Published in connection with John Lane, of London. Net, 1.50

In Press.**The Pomp of the Lavillettes**

A novel by Gilbert Parker. 1.50

'96 Charades.

By Norman D. Gray. 1.00

A History of Canada.

By Charles G. D. Roberts. 2.00

James Clarence Mangan.

His selected Poems, with a Study by the Editor, Louise Imogen Guiney. Net, 2.00

Lamson, Wolfe, & Company,

Publishers and Importers,

6 Beacon Street, Boston;

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

J. B. Lippincott Company's

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

THE EBBING OF THE TIDE.

By LOUIS BECKE, author of "By Reef and Palm." Large 12mo, cloth extra, \$1.25.

"Mr. Becke is a master of manner—with a touch of Kipling, a little of the warmth and cordial glow of Stevenson, and an 'exceeding deal' of himself."—*Phila. Eve. Bulletin*.

A FIGHT WITH FATE.

By MRS. ALEXANDER, author of "The Wooing O't." 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"Mrs. Alexander's novels are decidedly of the higher order. They reflect the lives and sayings of wholesome people, carry a healthy moral, and convey valuable lessons to enlightened readers."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

IN QUEST OF THE IDEAL.

A Novel. By FLORENCE BELKNAP GILMOUR. Translated from the French of Léon de Tinseau, author of "A Forgotten Debt," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

The same translator has already put into English several of M. de Tinseau's novels, and has done it well. The style is less foreign than in most translations. One does not encounter oddities of expression which make the reading rough and give the feeling of tediousness. In the present case, the translation and the original in the French come out at the same time, so that the American edition is as new and fresh as the other.

THE LIGHT THAT LIES.

By COCKBURN HARVEY. With decorations in the text and seven full-page illustrations by F. McKernan. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

"A captivating little book."—*Detroit Tribune*.

"The humor is droll and sharp, the situations are admirably drawn."—*Phila. Eve. Bulletin*.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

By JOSEPH HATTON, author of "By Order of the Czar," "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe," etc. With ten full-page illustrations by Clinedinst. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"The present story is one that is calculated to stir the deepest feelings that enter into human experience. It is of the masterly order, and therefore will confidently command readers even while inviting them."—*Boston Courier*.

READY EARLY IN JUNE.

VENUS AND CUPID; Or, A Trip from Mount Olympus to London.

By the Personal Conductor of the Party. A new fantastic romance by the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." 12mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.00.

Issued in the Lotos Library.

Illustrated. 16mo, polished buckram, 75 cents per volume.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN.

By the author of "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty."

"It is one of the best told, most dramatic stories of the year."—*Denver Times*.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

By the author of "A Social Highwayman."

"A profoundly interesting love-story."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

BY HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS.

IN SIGHT OF THE GODDESS.

A Tale of Washington Life. By the author of "The Chapel of Ease," etc.

A tale of excellent merit and remarkable interest. It is a story of society and official life in Washington, and a very charming love-story, entirely out of the rut of mere conventionality.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

A Romance of To-Day. By the author of "The Shadow of the Sword," etc.

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price, by the publishers,

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

The Most Popular Novels

for Summer Reading

IN

LIPPINCOTT'S SELECT SERIES.

Issued Monthly.

In Paper, 50 Cents.

Cloth, \$1.00.

The JULY number will contain "THE TRUTH TELLERS,"
a new novel by JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A FAITHFUL TRAITOR.

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS, author of "My Pretty Jane," "The Spell of Ursula," etc.

PREVIOUS POPULAR ISSUES.

- | | |
|--|---|
| An Unsatisfactory Lover. By the "Duchess." | "To Let." By B. M. Croker. |
| The Failure of Sibyl Fletcher. By Adeline Sergeant. | Aunt Johnnie. By John Strange Winter. |
| Mrs. Romney. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. | The Hoyden. By the "Duchess." |
| A Ruthless Avenger. By Mrs. Conney. | Barbara Dering. By Amélie Rives. |
| A Bubble Fortune. By Sarah Tytler. | Was He the Other? By Isobel Fitzroy. |
| A Bad Lot. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. | But Men Must Work. By Rosa N. Carey. |
| Her Fairy Prince. By Gertrude Warden. | One of the Bevans. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. |
| A Spoilt Girl. By Florence Warden. | A Family Likeness. By B. M. Croker. |
| A Magnificent Young Man. By John Strange Winter. | A Sister's Sin. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. |
| Too Late Repented. By Mrs. Forrester. | Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters. By Rosa N. Carey. |
| The Prince of Balkistan. By Allen Upward. | A Big Stake. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. |
| The Mystery of the Patriotic Club. By Albert D. Vandam. | For His Sake. By Mrs. Alexander. |
| They Call It Love. By Frank Frankfort Moore. | A Daughter's Heart. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. |
| The Banishment of Jessop Blythe. By Joseph Hatton. | Lady Patty. By the "Duchess." |
| Gallia. By Menie Muriel Dowie. | Old Daeres' Darling. By Annie Thomas. |
| In Market Overt. By James Payne. | A Covenant with the Dead. By Clara Lemore. |
| The Spell of Ursula. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. | Corinthia Marazion. By Cecil Griffith. |
| Mr. Jervis. By B. M. Croker. | Only Human; or, Justice. By John Strange Winter. |
| Matthew Austin. By W. E. Norris. | A Divided Duty. By Ida Lemon. |
| Peter's Wife. By the "Duchess." | My Land of Beulah. By Mrs. Leith Adams. |
| Every Inch a Soldier. By John Strange Winter. | Mary St. John. By Rosa N. Carey. |
| The Light of Other Days. By Mrs. Forrester. | Quita. By Cecil Dunstan. |
| Found Wanting. By Mrs. Alexander. | A Little Irish Girl. By the "Duchess." |
| Queen of Love. By S. Baring-Gould. | The Other Man's Wife. By John Strange Winter. |
| A Man of To-Day. By Helen Mathers. | A Homburg Beauty. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. |
| Burgo's Romance. By T. W. Speight. | Jack's Secret. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. |
| A Tragical Blunder. By Mrs. H. L. Cameron. | Heriot's Choice. By Rosa N. Carey. |
| Paynton Jacks, Gentleman. By Marian Bower. | Syrlin. By "Ouida." |
| My Child and I. By Florence Warden. | A Study in Scarlet. By A. Conan Doyle. |
| A Third Person. By B. M. Croker. | A Last Love. By Georges Ohnet. |
| The Sign of Four. By A. Conan Doyle. | The Rajah's Heir. |

Write for a complete list. For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price by the publishers,

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

715 and 717 Market Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION

Tom Grogan.

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Beautifully printed, and bound in a strikingly artistic style. Illustrated with nineteen designs by C. S. Reinhart. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

"A stirring, thrilling, dramatic story."—*Mail and Express* (New York).

"The peculiar quality of the story is its vitality, its first-hand portraiture of life. . . . It is such portraiture that makes literature."—*The Outlook*.

A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others.

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. 16mo, \$1.25.

"Delightful reading they are, full of artistic studies of odd and quaint characters from all quarters. . . . The reader will find them very engaging, for the stories are in Mr. Smith's best style."—*Eagle* (Brooklyn, N. Y.).

The Life of Nancy.

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. 16mo, \$1.25.

"Miss Jewett knows her New England as Millet knew his France, and is supremely cognizant of its depth and richness, as she shows in a thousand ways too subtle for definition."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

The Wise Woman.

By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. 16mo, \$1.25.

"The story is bright and hopeful, full of the joy of youth and the joy of living."—*Transcript* (Boston).

Pirate Gold.

A Novel. By F. J. STIMSON ("J. S. of Dale"). 16mo, \$1.25.

"Mr. Stimson is one of the few successful novelists who can be accused of having written too little. This striking and original story finds uncommonly good subject-matter in the contrast between the plain, sober life of the Boston of a half century ago and the romance of the sea which had not yet passed away from its wharves."—*Springfield Republican*.

The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain, and Other Stories.

By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK [Miss Mary N. Murfree]. 16mo, \$1.25.

"The long story which gives this book its title reflects much of her original talent. Its element of weirdness is well treated, and its pictures of mountain scenery are full of the sense of largeness, and abound in passages both convincing and beautiful."—*New York Times*.

The Story of Christine Rochefort.

By HELEN CHOATE PRINCE. 16mo, \$1.25.

"The characters are admirably conceived, the story is well told, written in vivid, terse language."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"Eminently thoughtful and suggestive."—*The Academy* (London).

Mr. Rabbit at Home.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. With pictures by Oliver Herford. Square 8vo, \$2.00.

"A book of delightful wonders and drolleries."—*Independent* (New York).

A Singular Life.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. 16mo, \$1.25.

"Miss Phelps's book is one which men and women will be better for reading. The very heart of life, pure and true, passionate and strong, pulses in it, and to that heart of life no one can approach save with reverent footsteps. Every line in the book is worth re-reading. . . . Miss Phelps is satisfied with nothing less than the best—in life, in love, and in religion."—*Christian World* (London).

The Supply at St. Agatha's.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Printed on deckle-edge paper of high quality, and artistically bound in cloth with a distinctive cover design by Mrs. Whitman. With illustrations. Square 12mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

"The story stands forth strongly imagined and vigorously told. The style, which has secured to Mrs. Phelps-Ward the admiration of a great audience, is here, and the fervid religious feeling peculiarly hers glorifies her pages."—*The Independent* (New York).

The Village Watch-Tower.

By Mrs. WIGGIN. 16mo, \$1.00.

"The book is a mine of character, of amusement, and pathos."—*Christian World* (London).

The Coming of Theodora.

By ELIZA ORNE WHITE. 16mo, \$1.25.

"Miss White's picture of Theodora is as refreshing as a sea breeze."—*The Academy* (London).

The Parson's Proxy.

A Novel. By KATE W. HAMILTON, author of "Rachel's Share of the Road." 16mo, \$1.25.

"It is a book which, in a time when the press was not turning out twenty or thirty volumes of fiction per day, more or less, would have attracted such attention as only the successes of twenty-five years ago aroused."—*World* (Cleveland).

The Cup of Trembling, and Other Stories.

By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. 16mo, \$1.25.

"Her versatility in all ranges is afforded the freedom and grace which an expression, naturally in sympathy with its opportunities, alone can grant."—*Wave* (San Francisco).

The Nimble Dollar.

By CHARLES MINER THOMPSON. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.00.

"That very clever story, 'The Nimble Dollar,' has been happily chosen by Mr. Thompson as the title of a collection of short stories, characterized for the most part by the same keenness, sagacity, and skill in human portraiture."—H. W. MABIE in *The Book Buyer*.

Little Miss Phœbe Gay.

By HELEN DAWES BROWN. With illustrations. \$1.00.

"This is a perfectly delicious transcript of child-life, just, simple, and true. We can almost fancy a child's voice echoing through the pages."—*The Pacific Churchman*.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. SENT, POSTPAID, BY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY,
4 Park Street, Boston; 11 East 17th Street, New York.

EXCELLENT NEW BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

By JOHN T. MORSE, Jr., Editor of the *American Statesmen Series*. With portraits and other illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, in library style, \$4.00; also uniform with the *Riverside Edition* of Holmes's works, \$4.00.

"Mr. Morse has accomplished his work in a skilful and judicious manner. It will be a perpetual delight to the lovers of one of the most joyous of poets, and the sweetest and most genial of men."—*Boston Transcript*.

Bayard Taylor.

By ALBERT H. SMYTH. In *American Men of Letters Series*. With a portrait. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

"In all the notable series of American Men of Letters, there is not one that can surpass in compact and animated completeness this biography of Bayard Taylor."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Townsend Harris: First American Envoy in Japan.

By W. E. GRIFFIS, D.D. With a portrait. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00.

"One would hardly guess from the title of Dr. Griffis's book how immensely important a work it is. . . . One can hardly exaggerate the interest attaching to Mr. Harris's Journal, which forms the greater part of the present book."—*Springfield Republican*.

The Life of Thomas Hutchinson,

Last Royal Governor of Massachusetts Bay. By JAMES K. HOSMER. With portrait and other illustrations. 8vo, gilt top, \$4.00.

"A work of first-rate historical importance."—J. N. LARNED, author of "History for Ready Reference."

"Masterly and noble-minded."—MOSES COIT TYLER.

Joan of Arc.

By FRANCIS C. LOWELL. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00.

"The story is one of the most thrilling, pathetic, and pitiful in all history, and this without the legends which have gathered themselves about it. Mr. Lowell tells it in a manner and style which leave nothing to be desired."—*Boston Advertiser*.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Mars.

By PERCIVAL LOWELL. With a colored frontispiece, map, and 22 other illustrations. 8vo, gilt top, \$2.50.

"Mr. Lowell's book is charming in more ways than one. His facile pen would make easy reading of the driest subject; and when it deals with a theme so fascinating as that of the conditions of life on another planet, hard-hearted indeed must be the critic who does not find himself ready to embrace conclusions which he would have contemptuously rejected if reached by a rougher path."—*New York Evening Post*.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.—Continued.

This Goodly Frame the Earth.

Stray Impressions of Scenes, Incidents, and Persons in a Journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. By FRANCIS TIFFANY. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$1.50.

"It is the fruit of an appreciative eye, a discriminating mind, and a facile pen. The author is much more and more fruitfully reflective than most narrators."—*The Congregationalist* (Boston).

By Oak and Thorn:

A Record of English Days. By ALICE BROWN. 16mo, \$1.25.

"A gracious and winning book. Few records of travel in recent years have come as close to nature's heart, or interpreted with such exquisite perception the irresistible fascination that the English country has for those who come of English blood and have been nurtured on English literature."—*Beacon* (Boston).

Spring Notes from Tennessee.

By BRADFORD TORREY. 16mo, \$1.25.

"To take a ramble with Mr. Torrey is to see a hundred marvellous things in byways and hedges, pasture land and forest glades that many eyes would never see or know; it is to come into intimate and confidential relations with a hundred sweet and beautiful things and forms—flowers and birds, trees and animals, winds and clouds."—*Christian Work* (New York).

In New England Fields and Woods.

By ROWLAND E. ROBINSON. 16mo, \$1.25.

"The book is one that may be taken up at odd moments and read with genuine pleasure and a sense of intellectual refreshment, so quickly and effectually does it take one from city surroundings into the inspiring wildness of all outdoors. Mr. Robinson is delightful."—*Beacon* (Boston).

The White Mountains:

A Guide to Their Interpretation. By JULIUS H. WARD. New edition, enlarged. With a map and illustrations. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

"Since the days of Starr King no one has written so intelligently of this interesting country, and with such full appreciation of the many shifting scenes and striking mountain forms."—*Among the Clouds* (Bethlehem, N. H.).

Frail Children of the Air:

Excursions into the World of Butterflies. By SAMUEL H. SCUDDER. Illustrated with nine plates. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

"This will prove a delightful book for the summer. It is devoted to a charmingly written account of the more interesting peculiarities in the structure, lives, and habits of our commoner butterflies."—*Science* (New York).

Four-Handed Folk.

By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. With illustrations. 16mo, \$1.25.

"It is difficult to get acquainted with them as thoroughly as Mrs. Miller has made us know them. There are the kinkajou or half monkey; marmoset or dwarf monkey; the story of Mr. Crowley, the famous Central Park chimpanzee; the spider monkey; monkey babies and monkeys who work, with intelligence. It can be fairly perhaps included as a scientific treatise, but it is science in the most delightful and alluring form possible."—*Cleveland World*.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. SENT, POSTPAID, BY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY,

4 Park Street, Boston; 11 East 17th Street, New York.

LATEST ISSUES IN Appletons' Town and Country Library.

Each 12mo, Paper, 50 Cents; Cloth, \$1.00.

No. 194. **The Madonna of a Day.**

By L. DOUGALL, author of "The Zeit-Geist," "The Mermaid," etc.

The scene of this original and charming story opens in British Columbia amid strange and picturesque surroundings. The sympathetic and suggestive quality of the author's delicate and admirable art is shown here to the best advantage.

No. 193. **The Picture of Las Cruces.**

By CHRISTIAN REID, author of "The Land of the Sun," "The Land of the Sky," etc.

The picturesque and dramatic romance of Mexico which this successful author has written will take a high place among the American fiction of the day.

No. 192. **A Winning Hazard.**

By Mrs. ALEXANDER, author of "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," etc.

Mrs. Alexander's well-trained hand has given us in this new book a most interesting and attractive story, which will strengthen the writer's hold upon her readers.

No. 191. **Chronicles of Martin Hewitt.**

By ARTHUR MORRISON, author of "Tales of Mean Streets," etc.

"These stories are almost the best done in the line, and Mr. Morrison has proved himself a genius in another direction."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"These stories are excellent in their kind. They rank well with the work of Doyle, Poe, and Collins."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

No. 190. **The Dancer in Yellow.**

By W. E. NORRIS, author of "A Victim of Good Luck," "Mademoiselle de Mersac," etc.

"Well finished and perfect; a most agreeable specimen of his art."—*London Athenaeum*.

"We do not think Mr. Norris has written any more clever and skilful story than this one."

No. 189. **A Flash of Summer.**

By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD, author of "Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," "Aunt Anne," etc.

"A literary and artistic gem."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"A story of high order of merit."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

"The story is well and vigorously told, developing strong characters, together with effective and dramatic incidents."—*Newark Advertiser*.

No. 188. **Mistress Dorothy Marvin.**

By J. C. SNAITH.

This stirring historical romance pictures the stormy career of a hero who took part in the events of the latter part of the seventeenth century in England. The reader shares in the adventures attendant upon Monmouth's Rebellion and the coming of William of Orange. It is a story of narrow escapes, of excellent fighting, and of continued and breathless interest.

"The book is lively from beginning to end. . . . It is healthy-toned and very readable."—*London Spectator*.


"Must be regarded as one of the best adventure stories we have had for a long time past."—*London Speaker*.

No. 187. **In the Day of Adversity.**

A Romance. By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, author of "The Hispaniola Plate," "His Own Enemy," etc.

"One of the best romances which has appeared for a long time."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"Has no lack of exciting incident, and the hero's adventures are not surpassed in any romance we know of."—*New Haven Leader*.

 Send for a copy (free) of the *Illustrated Fiction Number of Appletons' Monthly Bulletin*, containing descriptions of the above and other important books.

D. APPLETON & CO., 72 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

THE FICTION OF THE SEASON

The Seats of the Mighty.

Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment. By GILBERT PARKER, author of "Pierre and His People," "The Trail of the Sword," "The Trespasser," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"Another historical romance of the vividness and intensity of 'The Seats of the Mighty' has never come from the pen of an American. . . . From the first chapter to the last word interest never wanes. It whirls with excitement and strange adventure. . . . One of the books of the year."—*Chicago Record*.

His Honour, and a Lady.

By Mrs. EVERARD COTES (Sara Jeannette Duncan), author of "A Social Departure," "Ver-non's Aunt," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

A brilliant picture of Anglo-Indian social and political life representing the author's ripest and most successful work. An adroit study of character and keen analysis of motives are features of the novel.

Green Gates.

An Analysis of Foolishness. By Mrs. K. M. C. MEREDITH (Johanna Staats), author of "Drumsticks," etc. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

This brilliant story of to-day furnishes pictures of Long Island country-house and hunting life and of social incidents in New York. The tale exhibits an originality and a peculiar pathos which will enlist the interest of every reader.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. CONAN DOYLE, author of "The Stark-Munro Letters," "Round the Red Lamp," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"May be set down without reservation as the most thoroughly enjoyable book that Dr. Doyle has ever published."—*Boston Beacon*.

"May be heartily commended."—*New York Tribune*.

The Red Badge of Courage.

An Episode of the American Civil War. By STEPHEN CRANE. Tenth edition. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"Never before have we had the seamy side of glorious war so well depicted. . . . The rank and file has its historian at last, and we have had nothing finer."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

IN PRESS:

Maggie: A Girl of the Streets.

By STEPHEN CRANE, author of "The Red Badge of Courage," etc. Uniform with "The Red Badge of Courage." 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

In this book the author pictures certain realities of city life, and he has not contented himself with a search for humorous material or with superficial aspects. His story lives, and its actuality cannot fail to produce a deep impression and to point a moral which many a thoughtful reader will apply.

The Reds of the Midi.

An Episode of the French Revolution. By FÉLIX GRAS. Translated from the Provençal by Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier. With an introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. With frontispiece. 16mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"As we read this fascinating, marvellously intense book it seems as though the whole story of what gave rise to the French Revolution were compressed within its pages. . . . The art with which this story is told is exquisite. . . . A wonderful book."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

False Coin or True?

By F. F. MONTRÉSOR, author of "The One Who Looked On," "Into the Highways and Hedges," etc. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"Miss Montrésor is a writer with several distinct qualities. She does not follow beaten paths. She is distinctly original, and at the same time she does not fall into the ways of our typical modern original writers. . . . The views she gives of her characters are from the inside rather than from the outside, and she makes us feel with them and see them as they are. . . . We feel better for knowing her people."—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City:

His Progress and Adventures.

By S. R. CROCKETT, author of "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "Bog-Myrtle and Peat," etc. With 8 full-page illustrations. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"For resourcefulness, mother wit, and ready wit, we think Cleg may hold his own with Tom Sawyer. In some respects 'Cleg Kelly' is the best piece of work Mr. Crockett has produced."—*London Daily News*.

The Folly of Eustace.

By R. S. HICKENS, author of "An Imaginative Man," "The Green Carnation," etc. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

Mr. Hickens's new book furnishes another proof of his power of acute analysis and brilliant description. The imaginative quality of these stories will hold the attention of readers.

Sleeping Fires.

By GEORGE GISSING, author of "In the Year of Jubilee," "Eve's Ransom," etc. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

"The story is admirably told, and the element of pathos is strong in it. Mr. Gissing has compressed within very brief compass all the essential features of a true romance and a real tragedy."—*London Spectator*.

IN PRESS:

My Literary Zoo.

By KATE SANBORN, author of "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," etc. 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

With the delightful humor shown in her famous book, "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," the vivacious author gossips about the animal kingdom in literature, gathering together a wealth of incidents and illustrations with an enthusiasm and love for her subject which enlist the reader's cordial sympathy.

Send for a copy (free) of the Illustrated Fiction Number of Appletons' Monthly Bulletin, containing descriptions of the above and other important books.

D. APPLETON & CO., 72 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

THE CENTURY CO'S SUMMER BOOKS

Ready in May.

The Puppet-Booth, by Henry B. Fuller,

Author of "With the Procession," "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," etc.

A book of twelve highly imaginative plays of a kind new to American literature. Price, \$1.25.

A Strange, Sad Comedy.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

A delightful international romance, with abundant humor. Price, \$1.25.

The White Pine: A Study.

By GIFFORD PINCHOT AND
HENRY S. GRAVES.

An invaluable contribution to the natural history of the most important lumbering tree in North America. Price, \$1.00.

Notes of the Night.

By CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

Author of "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home," "A Colonial Wooing," etc.

A group of charming essays and sketches by a trained observer and naturalist. \$1.50.

The Collected Poems of S. Weir Mitchell,

Containing all of Dr. Mitchell's poems, dramatic and miscellaneous, heretofore published in different forms. Price, \$1.75.

SOME RECENT SUCCESSFUL ISSUES.

Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books.

"The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book," each \$1.50. "Mr. Kipling's best bid for immortality."

The Century Cook Book. By Mary Ronald. Universally pronounced the best cook book ever issued. Illustrated with 150 photographs of the dishes described. 600 pages, \$2.00.

A Handbook of Invalid Cooking.

By Mary A. Boland of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses. \$2.00.

Electricity for Everybody. By Edward Atkinson. The nature and uses of electricity simply explained. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The Princess Sonia. A novel of girl art life in Paris, by Julia Magruder. Illustrated by Gibson. \$1.25.

The new edition of General Grant's Memoirs. Revised by Colonel Grant, with new maps and illustrations. Printed from new plates. Two volumes, \$5.00.

Dr. Albert Shaw's Books on Municipal Government. "Municipal Government in Great Britain" and "Municipal Government in Continental Europe,"—suggestive studies of the greatest practical value to Americans. Each, \$2.00.

Kitwyk Stories. Mrs. Anna Eichberg King's tales of village life in Holland. Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards. \$1.50.

Hero Tales from American History.

By Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. Graphic descriptions of historic persons and incidents. \$1.50.

Poems by James Whitcomb Riley.

"Poems Here at Home." Illustrated by Kemble. \$1.50.

Frank R. Stockton's Novels.

"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Ale-shine" with "The Dusantes," in one volume, \$1.00, "The Merry Chanter," \$1.00, "The Squirrel Inn," \$1.25, "The Hundredth Man," \$1.50.

A Handbook of English Cathedrals.

A guide-book edition of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's famous work on the great cathedrals of England, richly illustrated by Joseph Pennell. A necessity to the traveler in the cathedral towns. \$2.50.

The Mountains of California.

John Muir's study of the mountains, glaciers, forests, meadows, animals, etc., of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Illustrated. \$1.50.

An Errant Wooing.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's romance of travel in England and in Mediterranean countries, richly illustrated from photographs. \$1.50.

When All the Woods are Green.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel of the Canadian forests,—the story of a party of campers, and the adventures that befell them. \$1.50.

Sold by all dealers, or copies sent, post-paid, to any address by the publishers, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

SUMMER SUGGESTIONS.

THE KEYNOTES SERIES.

Each volume with a Title-page and Cover Design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Keynotes. By GEORGE EGERTON.

The Dancing Faun. By FLORENCE FARR.

Poor Folk. Translated by LENA MILMAN.

A Child of the Age. By FRANCIS ADAMS.

The Great God Pan and the Inmost Light.
By ARTHUR MACHEN.

Discords. By GEORGE EGERTON.

Prince Zaleski. By M. P. SHIEL.

The Woman Who Did. By GRANT ALLEN.

Woman's Tragedies. By H. D. LOWRY.

Gray Roses. By HENRY HARLAND.

Monochromes. By ELLA D'ARCY.

At the First Corner, and Other Stories. By
H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

At the Relton Arms. By EVELYN SHARP.

The Girl from the Farm. By GERTRUDE DIX.

The Mirror of Music. By STANLEY V.
MAKOWER.

Nobody's Fault. By NETTA SYRETT.

Platonic Affections. By JOHN SMITH.

Nets for the Wind. By UNA TAYLOR.

In Homespun. By EDITH NESBIT.

Where the Atlantic Meets the Land. By
CALDWELL LIPSETT.

Foam of the Sea. A Volume of Stories. By
GERTRUDE HALL. 16mo, cloth . . . \$1.00

Far From To-Day. A Volume of Stories.
By GERTRUDE HALL. 16mo, cloth . . . \$1.00

Brothers and Strangers. By AGNES BLAKE
POOR. 16mo, cloth . . . \$1.00

A Woman Who Failed, and Others. By BES-
SIE CHANDLER PARKER. 16mo, cloth \$1.00

A Quaint Spinster. A Story. By FRANCIS
E. RUSSELL. 16mo, cloth . . . \$0.60

**The Condition of Woman in the United
States.** A Traveller's Notes. By MADAME
BLANC (Th. Bentzon). With a Portrait.
Translated by Abbey L. Alger. 16mo,
cloth . . . \$1.25

Tales from Scott. By SIR EDWARD SULLI-
VAN, Bart. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth. \$1.50

Pastels of Men. BOURGET. Translated by
K. P. Wormeley. 2 vols. . . each, \$1.00

The Ascent of Woman. By ROY DEVEREUX.
16mo, cloth . . . \$1.25

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S POPULAR WORKS.

New Uniform Edition. 5 volumes, in box. 16mo, cloth, each, \$1.00.

**TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES. AN INLAND VOYAGE. THE
SILVERADO SQUATTERS. TREASURE ISLAND. PRINCE OTTO.**

Balzac's Novels. Translated by K. P. Worm-
eley. 37 vols. . . each, \$1.50

Tales of Mean Streets. By ARTHUR MOR-
RISON. With an Introduction by James Mac-
Arthur. 16mo, cloth . . . \$1.00

George Meredith's Novels.
12 vols. . . each, 1.50

Jane Austen's Novels.
12 vols. . . each, 1.25

Miss Ferrier's Novels. 6 vols. Each novel
in 2 vols. . . \$2.50

Ramona. By HELEN HUNT JACKSON . 1.50

A Woodland Wooing. By ELEANOR PUT-
NAM . . . \$1.00

George Sand's Novels.
7 vols. . . each, 1.50

No Name Series. 35 vols. . . each, 1.00

Miss Brooks. By ELIZA ORNE WHITE. 1.00

READY DURING THE SUMMER.

Maris Stella. By MARIE CLOTHILDE BALFOUR.

Shapes in the Fire. A Mid-Winter's Enter-
tainment. With an Interlude. By M. P.
SHIEL.

Day-Books. Chronicles of Good and Evil.
By MABEL E. WOTTON.

In Scarlet and Grey. Stories of Soldiers and
Civilians. By FLORENCE HENNIKER, with
The Spectre of the Real, by THOMAS
HARDY and FLORENCE HENNIKER (in collab-
oration).

Ugly Idol. By CLAUD NICHOLSON.

Our Descriptive Catalogue (free) contains a list of 66 titles in paper covers.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers, BOSTON.

NEW AND RECENT FICTION.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. MERRIMAN.

FLOTSAM. The Study of a Life.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, author of "With Edged Tools," "The Sowers," etc. With frontispiece and vignette by H. G. Massey. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S NOVELS.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN, author of "A Gentleman of France," "Red Robe," etc., etc. With 36 illustrations, of which 15 are full-page. Crown 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

"A collection of twelve tales, each one of which is to be classed as a masterpiece, so subtle and strong is it in the revelation of character, so impressive its portrayal of the times and the scenes with which it deals. . . . Mr. Weyman is to be cordially congratulated upon the success he has met with in these tales. He has produced a really brilliant book, one that will appeal alike to the lovers of literature, of adventure, and to those who demand in fiction the higher intellectual quality."—*Beacon*, Boston.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. Illus- trated. \$1.25.

UNDER THE RED ROBE. Illustrated. \$1.25.

MY LADY ROTH. Illustrated. \$1.25.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. Illus- trated. \$1.25.

ANDREW LANG'S NEW ROMANCE.

A MONK OF FIFE. A Romance of the Days of Jeanne D'Arc

Done into English from the manuscript in the Scots College of Ratisbon, by ANDREW LANG. With frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

"Those who are familiar with Mr. Lang's free, quick, witty, every-day style will be astonished at the exquisite, careful mosaic here, with its bright colors and its glittering fragments of gold, all wrought with a strict recognition of the limits of the Art. Everything is lucid save the mysterious glamour of the Maid. Sometimes the figures are seen black and clearly lined as against a yellow sunset sky; sometimes richly colored with the sun of midday streaming through them. There is hardly a line too much anywhere. . . . We have named in the first place the surprising and beautiful art of the book, because it sets it in a place apart, and then its evidence of zealous research, which has added greatly to our clear realization of an epoch; because these are its two chief distinctions. But as a story it takes a high place, too. . . . The interest certainly never flags."—*Bookman*, N. Y.

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW NOVEL.

JOAN HASTE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, author of "She," "Heart of the World," "The People of the Mist," etc., etc. With 20 full-page illustrations by F. S. Wilson. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

"All the strong and striking peculiarities that have made Mr. Haggard's earlier works so deservedly popular are repeated here in a new spirit. One is reminded strongly of Dickens in his admirable drawing of minor characters. Mrs. Bird is such a character. . . . The illustrations of the book are numerous and strikingly good. Many of the scenes are intensely dramatic, and move the feelings to the higher pitch. This story of 'Joan Haste' is not to be outdone by the best of them all. The strength, emphasis, and vigor of his style as well as of his treatment is to be credited to none but superior gifts and powers. . . . 'Joan Haste' will become the favorite of everybody."—*Boston Courier*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. Illus- trated. \$1.25.

HEART OF THE WORLD. Illustrated. \$1.25.

DAWN. Illustrated. \$1.25.

NADA THE LILY. Illustrated. \$1.25.

EDNA LYALL'S LAST NOVEL.

DOREEN. The Story of a Singer.

By EDNA LYALL, author of "We Two," "Donovan," "The Autobiography of a Slander," "In the Golden Days," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, buckram cloth, ornamental, \$1.50.

"Edna Lyall's . . . new story . . . is one of her best. It has, naturally, enough of tragedy to make it intensely interesting without being sensational in any offensive sense. The heroine, Doreen, is a delightful character, sturdy, strong, lovable, womanly, and genuinely Irish. Miss Bayly is a conscientious writer, and her style is attractive and pure."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

BATTEMENT AND TOWER. A Romance.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL, author of "The Jewel of Ynys Galon." With frontispiece by R. Caton Woodville. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

"A powerful romance of the swashbuckling days in North Wales, when the Roundheads warred against the Cavaliers, and Charles I. of England lost his head. The picturesque and virile style of the author, and the remarkable power he displays in his character drawing, place his book among the notable pieces of fiction of the year. There is plenty of fighting, hard riding, and love-making in the story, but the literary touch given to his work by the author places his product far above the average."—*New York World*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE JEWEL OF YNYS GALON. Being a hitherto unprinted Chapter in the History of the Sea Rovers. With 12 illustrations by Lancelot Speed. 12mo, \$1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers, 91-93 Fifth Ave., New York.

STEPHEN

CRANE

NOW READY

STEPHEN

CRANE

A NEW NOVEL BY

STEPHEN CRANE

Author of

"The Red Badge of Courage"

GEORGE'S MOTHER

By STEPHEN CRANE

STEPHEN

CRANE

Large 16mo, 192 pages, cloth 75 cents

STEPHEN

CRANE

Other Works of Fiction



UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE, A NEW BOOK
BY MISS MONTRESOR.

Worth While

By F. F. MONTRÉSOR, author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," "The One Who Looked On," etc. Large 16mo, 160 pages, cloth, 75c.

Hadjira

A Turkish Story. By "ADALET." Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

"This handsomely printed volume is reported as the literary work of a young Turkish Lady, who from necessity writes under a *nom de plume*. The manuscript comes to the American publisher in English in her own handwriting. It is marked for its literary elegance. Besides being a very charming love-story, it reveals life in the Turkish harem and the manners and customs of the Turkish people, and in this sense it is profoundly interesting and instructing."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Across an Ulster Bog

By M. HAMILTON. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

The New Virtue

A Novel. By Mrs. OSCAR BERRINGER. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"In spite of the plot the tone of the story is moral. Vice is never planted before one in gay colors. When it stalks into a chapter it is sombre, sad, and foreboding. The sins are lost in obscurity, covered over in mystery. 'The New Virtue' is a wholesome book and suggests a fund of worldly wisdom."—*Chicago Record*.

"'The New Virtue' is a very clever story with a strong plot, treating of important moral questions in an entirely different manner to that usually held by writers. The story is well written and has many strong points which keep up the interest to the last page."—*Utica Press*.

A Mask and a Martyr

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT, author of "The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley." 12mo, \$1.50.

"There is no doubt that this is a striking book. The story it has to tell is thoroughly original and unconventional, while the manner of telling it shows much restrained power."—*London Daily Telegraph*.

"Here we have a story which rivets the attention from beginning to end. It is a powerful and tragic book."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

EDWARD ARNOLD, Publisher, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York

BOOKS for PRESENT READING

THE SCOTCH STORY OF THE SEASON.

ROBERT URQUHART

By GABRIEL SETOUN, author of "BarnCraig," "Sunshine and Haar," etc. Deckel-edged paper, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. *Third Edition.*

*A delightful romance of village life and character, written by the hand of a master. Full of pathos and quaint humor.

Mr. J. M. BARRIE writes: "At last a novel of Scottish life without the old dominie in it! . . . I have long wanted to meet the village schoolmaster of to-day in fiction, and Robert Urquhart proves that he can be made as interesting as any dominie of them all."

"May be at once pronounced a great success. . . . The talk in the village inn rivals that of Mr. Hardy's Wessex rustics."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"Has both humor and pathos . . . all the figures of his novel are live creatures of flesh and blood."—*The Echo, London.*

"Another commendable writer of the new Scottish School. Mr. Setoun always writes with sound feeling and full knowledge of his subject."—*The Outlook, N. Y.*

THE WILD FLOWERS IN COLORS.

WAYSIDE AND WOODLAND BLOSSOMS

A Pocket Guide to British Wild Flowers. By EDWARD STEP.

*Containing 128 colored plates, portraying 156 figures of wild flowers, ferns, lichens, mushrooms, etc., drawn and colored direct from nature, and a selection of black and white illustrations of the lesser known ornamental foliage plants; together with tables of natural orders, genera, and species, etc., and Index. 400 species are described in the text. Size 4½ x 6½ ins., limp cloth, \$2.50.

"Written by one who has in mind the exigencies of the ramble."—*The Bookman, N. Y.*

"The plates are excellent, and many of them at once recognizable as of plants, either natives of this country or introduced and naturalized here."—*The Mayflower, N. Y.*

"We have seen no manual which comes so near perfection."—*The Transcript, Boston.*

A NEW BOOK FOR LOVERS OF NATURE, NATURAL HISTORY CLUBS, ETC.

BY TANGLED PATHS

Stray Leaves from Nature's Byways. By H. MEADE BRIGGS. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25. (*Just ready.*)

*A charming little year-book of essays on Nature's ever-changing moods and dresses. In the Heart of Surrey—April Showers—Riverside Wanderings—A Woodland Path—A Halcyon Haunt—When Summer Pales, etc., are titles of some of the chapters, and take the months in procession.

"One cannot pass under the magic of his song and not feel its spell. The imprint of Nature is over the whole book . . . such an one surely merits our gratitude."—*The Bookman, N. Y.*

"They appeal to all lovers of outdoor life."—*The Jewish Messenger.*

By the author of

"THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB."

THE CARBUNCLE CLUE—A Mystery

A New Detective Story by FERGUS HUME. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"One of the best of its kind . . . wouldn't drop the book on any account until the mystery is solved."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"The book 'attends the triumph and partakes the gale'—or the sale of Sherlock Holmes."—*London Times.*

IN "THE PUBLIC MEN OF TO-DAY" SERIES.

DON EMILIO CASTELAR

By DAVID HANNAY. With a portrait. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"It is a great deal more than a biography of the great Spanish orator, and might be not unfairly called a spirited outline sketch of Spanish politics during the last half-century."—*The London Times.*

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

By S. H. JEVES, Editor of the Series. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"A more attractive series of books, to those who wish to follow the world's affairs, could scarcely be planned."—*The Critic, N. Y.*

OF YOUR BOOKSELLER, OR FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY

F. WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

Foreign Languages.

Largest Stock of Grammars, Dictionaries, etc. for the study of European, Oriental and Classical Languages.

Send all orders for such Publications direct to us, if you wish to insure their prompt execution, or reply to inquiries.

Catalogues mailed free.

E. Steiger & Co., New York.

LITERARY NEWS . . .

Gives in an hour's reading an interesting and comprehensive survey of the books published during the month. 10 cents a copy. \$1 a year, through your bookseller. Sample free.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY, BOSTON.

The Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyam.

Variorum edition. Edited by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE. With decorative title-pages and frontispieces of portraits in photogravure of Edward Fitzgerald and Friedrich Von Bodenstedt. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$3.50; half levant morocco, gilt top, \$7.00.

[Ready June 1.

These volumes are practically an encyclopædia of Omar Khayyam literature, and the gathering together of the various renderings of the quatrains unquestionably appeals to the keen interest of the large and constantly growing number of those who love and appreciate the wonderful beauty of the Persian poetry.

Celebrated Crimes.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Illustrated. Three vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt tops, full gold stamp on the side, per set, \$4.50; half calf or half morocco, gilt tops, per set, \$9.00.

[Ready July 1.

These marvellously fascinating historical tragedies are explained and embellished by eighteen full-page illustrations in photogravure, one-half from original drawings by E. H. Garrett, and one-half reproduced from famous paintings of historical characters.

The presswork is from new type, on a high-grade English finish paper, the binding is striking and sumptuous, and the volumes are in every particular splendid specimens of the book-maker's art, *besides being the first edition of the work ever offered to the trade in this country.*

McKinley's Masterpieces.

Selections from the Public Addresses in and out of Congress of William McKinley. Edited by R. L. PAGET. 1 vol., cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.

[Ready Now.

A book of great interest at the present time in view of the prominent position before the public of the Hon. William McKinley, and sure to meet with a large sale. The following extract from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of May 21 gives some idea of its scope and value:

"No formal campaign biography of any of the actual or presumptive presidential candidates has yet appeared, but Mr. R. L. Paget is out with a volume of selections from the speeches and addresses of William McKinley prefaced by a biographical sketch which may fairly be considered the opening of the biographical part of the campaign. Perhaps the extract of most interest in this volume is that from his speech in the House of Representatives, June 25, 1890, when the Sherman bill was under consideration.

"But, as we have said, the book is filled with gems, and it is difficult to know where to end quotation. It differs from the ordinary campaign biography in being a work of real historical value."

RECENT FICTION AND GOOD.

KRIEGSPIEL: the War Game. By FRANCIS HINDES GROOME. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"As a gypsy novel, as a novel depicting gypsy life, 'Kriegspiel' is unrivalled."—*The Athenæum*, London.

A MAN'S FOES. A Tale of the Siege of Londonderry. By E. H. STRAIN. 12mo, paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.25.

"Is the best historical novel pure and simple that we have had since Mr. Conan Doyle published 'Micah Clarke.'"—*Daily Chronicle*, London.

BY THRASNA RIVER. The Story of a Townland. Given by one JOHN FARMER, and edited by his friend, Shan F. Bullock, author of "The Awkward Squad." With full-page illustrations by St. Clair Simmons. Crown, 8vo, cloth gilt, \$1.50.

"As a study of Hibernian peasant life it is admirable, and we think Mr. Bullock's comprehension of the kindly, plausible, soft-hearted, devil-may-care Irish character as complete as it is uncommon. There is not a line in the book that is untrue to real life. The characters of Rose and of Thady, of Pete and of Phil, stand out with special vividness."—*National Observer*.

THE SOUTHERN LIGHT. By S. G. FIELDING. With full-page illustrations by Warwick Goble. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, \$1.25.

"Lads will be thrilled and fascinated by 'The Southern Light,' with its wild adventures by sea and land, ferocious captains, treacherous Chinese, scheming Australians, plots and escapes. The book is spirited and thoroughly wholesome."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL. By GUY BOOTHBY, author of "A Bid for Fortune," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

THE DWARF'S CHAMBER, and Other Stories. By FERGUS HUME, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," etc. With 50 illustrations by Geo. Hutchinson, R. Jack, and others. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

New Novel by Fergus Hume.

THE CRIME OF THE "LIZA JANE." By FERGUS HUME, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," etc. With full-page illustrations by Geo. Hutchinson. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

New Story of Australian Bush Life.

THE GIRL AT BIRRELL'S. By THOMAS HENEV. With frontispiece by T. S. C. Crowther. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, \$1.00.

THE DIVINATIONS OF KALA PERSAD. By HEADON HILL, author of "Cabinet Secrets," "Zambra, the Detective," "The Rajah's Second Wife," etc. With two full-page illustrations by Stanley L. Wood. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

A COMEDY OF HONOUR. By NORA VYNNE, author of "The Blind Pictures," "Honey of Aloes," etc. With illustrations by Bertha Newcombe. Square fcap. 8vo, cloth, 75c.

A LATE AWAKENING. By MAGGIE SWAN. With illustrations by St. Clair Simmons. Square fcap. 8vo, cloth, 75c.

New and Cheap Edition.

THE JAPS AT HOME. To which is now added for the first time, "Bits of China," by DOUGLAS SLADEN, author of "On the Cars and Off" With many illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, \$1.25.

WARD, LOCK & BOWDEN, Ltd., London and New York.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

THE RED REPUBLIC. A Romance of the Commune. By the author of "The King in Yellow," etc. *Second Edition.* Large 12mo, \$1.25.

"With all its rush and excitement there is a solid basis of painstaking and thoughtfulness in 'The Red Republic.' Mr. Chambers is wholly free from self-consciousness; indeed his gifts seem to be little short of genius. Wonderfully vivid and graphic."—*N. Y. Press.*

A KING AND A FEW DUKES. A Romance. Large 12mo, \$1.25.

"No superior fiction has appeared in months. . . . It is a charming love-story attractively told in a way that is essentially Mr. Chambers's own."—*N. Y. Times.*

BY R. OTTOLENGUI.

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"It is a tribute to the author's skill that he never loses a reader. For fertility in imagining a complex plot, and holding the reader in ignorance of its solution until the very end, we know of no one who can rival him."—*Toledo Blade.*

AN ARTIST IN CRIME. 16mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"One may safely say that it ranks with the best detective novels in this country."—*Boston Times.*

A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE. 16mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"This particular book is the best of its kind and just what its title sets forth. . . . It is a masterpiece of consistent theory, and will bear reading at any time and in any place."—*Omaha Excelsior.*

A MODERN WIZARD. 12mo, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"The plot is ingeniously constructed, and the book is intensely exciting."—*Saturday Evening Gazette, Boston.*

BY ANNA FULLER.

A VENETIAN JUNE. Illustrated by George Sloane. 16mo, \$1.00.

PRATT PORTRAITS. Sketched in a New England Suburb. *Ninth Edition.* 16mo, paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.00.

"The lines the author cuts in her vignette are sharp and clear, but she has, too, not alone the knack of color, but, what is rarer, the gift of humor."—*New York Times.*

A LITERARY COURTSHIP. Under the Auspices of Pike's Peak. *Thirteenth Edition.* Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.00.

"A delightful little love-story. Like her other books it is bright and breezy; its humor is crisp and the general idea decidedly original."—*Boston Times.*

PEAK AND PRAIRIE. From a Colorado Sketch-Book. 16mo, with a frontispiece by Louis Loeb. *Third Edition.* Cloth, \$1.00.

"We may say that the jaded reader, fagged with the strenuous art of the passing hour, who chances to select this volume to cheer the hours, will throw up his hat for sheer joy at having hit upon a book in which morbidity and self-consciousness are conspicuous by their absence."—*New York Times.*

BY ELIZABETH K. TOMPKINS.

THE BROKEN RING. A Romance. (No. 15 in the Hudson Library.) 12mo, paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.00.

HER MAJESTY. A Romance of To-Day. (No. 6 in the Hudson Library.) 12mo, paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.00.

BY ROBERT C. ROGERS.

WILL O' THE WASP. A Sea Yarn of the War of 1812. Edited by Henry Lawrence, U. S. N., and now brought before the public for the first time. With frontispiece. 12mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

Notes on New Books, a quarterly bulletin, Little Journeys, and Successful Fiction, etc., sent on application.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
New York and London.

A Collegiate Love-Story, in which there is a Mystery and a Suspected Crime.

JUST PUBLISHED

ROUGH MISCHANCE

AN EXPLANATION

By BRADNOCK HALL

1 vol., 12mo, cloth, 290 pages. Price, \$1.00

Rough Mischance: An Explanation. By BRADNOCK HALL. 12mo, handsome cloth, with design, \$1.00. *A Collegiate Love-Story, in which there is a Mystery and a Suspected Crime.*

"Rough Mischance" is a cleverly told, though restrained story, by a new English writer, whose work bids fair to rival in interest the exciting mysteries, in the line of detective story-telling, of the modern school of "Sherlock Holmes," or the older, though not less thrilling school of Gaboriau and Edgar Allan Poe. It is a story of Oxford post-graduate life, founded on some mysterious circumstances attending the death of a member of the University of Oxford, in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The narrator, a student of Trinity, who is reading law as a preparation for the Bar, is one of a group of young men up for their final "exams" before entering the professions. The reader will find the narrative an entertaining and in part a thrilling one—a story, in fact, which it will be no "rough mischance" to have come in his way.



A New Australian Novel by Nat Gould

THE MINERS' CUP

A COOLGARDIE ROMANCE

By NAT GOULD

Author of "The Double Event," "Jockey Jack," "Banker and Broker," "On and Off the Turf in Australia," etc.

1 vol., 12mo, cloth, 313 pages. Price, \$1.00

The Miners' Cup. A Coolgardie Romance. By NAT GOULD, author of "The Double Event," "On and Off the Turf," "Jockey Jack," etc., etc. 12mo, handsome cloth, with design, 313 pages, \$1.00.

A new novel of Australian mining life, by the popular writer of Anglo-Australian sporting novels, well known under the pen-name of Nat Gould. The scene of "The Miners' Cup"—so-called from the Miners' gold cup won by the hero's horse at the West Australian Jockey Club Derby—is the auriferous region round Coolgardie, lying to the north of Perth, in the direction of the Murchison River, in West Australia. The story gives a realistic picture of how two Englishmen take up, in the untrodden wastes of the antipodean continent, a gold-mining claim which yields fabulous wealth, and in the prosecution of which they have sundry thrilling adventures in connection with the "Lone Hand Claim," and with the domestic drama which forms part of the "Coolgardie Romance." Many of the chapters are vividly written, and are characteristic of the life and manners in the mining districts of the Australian continent—particularly the chapters entitled "A Dying Request," "The Miners' Arms," "A Blazing Town," and "Rough and Ready Justice."

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Ltd.

Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London

27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING FROM THE LIST OF COPELAND AND DAY

LOVERS' SAINT RUTH'S, AND THREE OTHER TALES.

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. \$1.00; thirty-five copies on China paper, \$3.00.

"All of these stories are intensely interesting."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

"Louise Imogen Guiney is known as the writer of some exquisite poetry. . . . Lovers' Saint Ruth's will widen her fame by showing her as a graceful writer of prose."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

These stories are Miss Guiney's first fiction.

"One hardly knows whether to admire most the fine feeling for nature and humanity, or the felicities of style which abound in this fiction."—*Hartford Courant*.

MOODY'S LODGING-HOUSE, and Other Tenement Sketches. By ALVAN F. SANBORN. Octavo, \$1.25.

"The very simplicity of the thing is artistic."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"The book is . . . a valuable collection of studies in social life, calculated to help materially in dealing with pressing social problems."—*Critic*.

AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE. By CHRISTOPHER CRAIGIE. Small 8vo, \$1.25.

"Genuine naïveté of the rare sort marks every page of this quaint little book, a volume as simple, old-fashioned, and fragrantly honest as an old garden where no posy newer or more modest than hollyhock and mignonette is found ablow."—*Boston Transcript*.

THE CAPTURED CUNARDER. By WILLIAM H. RIDEING. 75 cents.

In these sketches Mr. Scott has succeeded in catching the spirit of homely Canadian life with a fidelity akin to Miss Brown's in "Meadow Grass."

GARRISON TALES FROM TONQUIN. By JAMES O'NEILL. 8vo, \$1.25; thirty-five copies on China paper, \$3.00.

"There is an undeniable claim in the directness of the stories. The author has the knack of picking a simple event and setting it in a simple frame as a picture of Anamese life."—*Boston Journal*.

"There is a strange, new charm in these tales, which one feels must be a true thing."—*New York Times*.

JACQUES DAMOUR. By EMIL ZOLA. Translated by William Foster Apthorp. 8vo, \$1.25.

"These stories are those which show Zola at his best, and Zola is at his best in the short story."—*Advertiser*, New York.

IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER. By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. 8vo, \$1.25.

"Mr. Rideing's story is not only very exciting but has a political and naval interest."—*N. Y. Journal*.

TO APPEAR SHORTLY.

CINDER-PATH-TALES. By WILLIAM LINDSEY. Octavo, 75 cents.

This volume is made up of seven athletic tales told from life.

COPELAND AND DAY BOSTON

RECENT FICTION.

WHITE APRONS.

A New Virginia Romance, by MAUD WILDER GOODWIN, author of "The Head of a Hundred," "The Colonial Cavalier," etc. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.25.

The scene of Mrs. Goodwin's new story is in part Virginia and in part the Court of Charles the Second. The historical basis of the romance is the episode known as "Bacon's Rebellion," in the time of Governor Berkeley, but the author has woven into it a charming love-story, and given to the whole narrative much dramatic interest. At the Court of Charles II. the heroine meets with many notable men, among them being the King, Buckingham, Kneller, Dryden, and Mr. Samuel Pepys. Mrs. Goodwin has produced a romance even more delightful than her successful story, "The Head of a Hundred."

THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED.

Being an Account of Certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntoon, Esq., Sometime an Officer in the Colony of Virginia. Edited by MAUD WILDER GOODWIN. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.25.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL.

Translated from the Polish of HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, author of "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," "Pan Michael," "Without Dogma," etc., by Jeremiah Curtin. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$2.00.

By the Same Author.

With Fire and Sword. \$2.00
The Deluge. 2 vols. 3.00
Pan Michael. 2.00
Without Dogma. 1.50

NOVELS OF ADVENTURE.

By CHARLES LEVER. Comprising Maurice Tiernay, 1 vol.; Sir Jasper Carew, 1 vol.; Con Cregan, 2 vols.; and Roland Cashel, 2 vols.; 6 vols., 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with 20 etched plates and 36 smaller illustrations. Per volume, \$2.50. (Uniform with Lever's Military Novels.)

A MADONNA OF THE ALPS.

Translated from the German original of B. SCHULZE-SMIDT by Nathan Haskell Dole. With photogravure frontispiece. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.25.

FADETTE.

Translated from the French of GEORGE SAND by Jane Minot Sedgwick. With frontispiece drawn and etched by E. Abot. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.25.

THE MASTER MOSAIC-WORKERS.

Translated from the French of GEORGE SAND by Charlotte C. Johnston. With an etched portrait of Titian. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.25.

THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

New Series. Comprising Ascanio, 2 vols.; The War of Women, 2 vols.; Black, the Story of a Dog, 1 vol.; and Tales of the Caucasus (The Ball of Snow and Sultanetta), 6 vols., 12mo. With frontispieces. Per volume, decorated cloth, gilt top, \$1.50; plain cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, 254 Washington Street, Boston.

Successful Summer Books.

In its Fourth Edition.

THE COPSFORD MYSTERY;

Or, Is He the Man? By W. CLARK RUSSELL, author of "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," "An Ocean Free Lance," "A Sea Queen," etc. Illustrated by A. Burnham Shute. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.

The Copsford Mystery; or, Is He the Man? is by W. Clark Russell, whose name at once suggests rolling billows and dashing spray. But this is not a sea tale and is the only story not of the sea that he has written. Save in the first chapter, when we are introduced to a girl who is in the habit of rowing, off Broadstairs, and who gets carried out to sea by the tide and is rescued by a dark-browed, sunburnt, but handsome man, there is nothing of the sea in it. The construction of the story is more like Doyle than Russell, but it resembles the latter's sea stories in its careful attention to detail. In an introduction is an interesting sketch of Russell and his writings, and the book has full-page illustrations.

By the Same Author.

AN OCEAN FREE LANCE.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Illustrated by Harry L. V. Parkhurst. 12mo, cloth, uniform with "The Copsford Mystery," \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.

One of our customers told us that if we would make an illustrated edition of this book (long out of print) he would place a first order of one thousand copies. We found the demand equally strong elsewhere, and have made a handsome edition of the work.

By the Author of "My Japanese Wife."

THE LURE OF FAME.

By CLIVE HOLLAND. With a frontispiece and decorative drawing by George Wharton Edwards. Square 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"Its title, 'The Lure of Fame,' will suggest something of the thread of the story, but one is not thereby prepared for so tender and sympathetic a picture as those pages reveal or so close an analysis of human feelings and experiences."—CHARLES DEXTER ALLEN in *The Hartford Post*.

"What is the Eleventh Commandment?"

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"The book contains plenty of incident, humorous as well as tragic, and is full of high ideals and clear-sighted criticisms upon the great pretences of conventional life."—*Literary World*, London.

Worthy of Mark Twain.

SEVEN FROZEN SAILORS.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, assisted by Compton Reade and others. Illustrated. Square 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

"Seven Frozen Sailors" is certainly a title possessing enough originality to arouse one's curiosity. The reading public seems to crave something new, and here is a volume, not cumbersome but of modest size, dealing with a subject that is refreshingly cool.

A Timely Publication.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE UNITED STATES:

Their History and Influence, 1789-1896. By J. HARRIS PATTON, M.A., Ph.D., author of "Four Hundred Years of American History," "Natural Resources of the United States," "Political Economy for American Youth, written from an American Standpoint," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

"Professor Patton approaches much nearer the ideal historian than any writer of similar books. His work must be given the highest place among short histories of the United States."—*Christian Union*, New York.

NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK CO.,

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GLADSTONE

PRAISES

The Damnation of Theron Ware,

By HAROLD FREDERIC.

Published in England as

Illumination.

Have You Seen It?

Pages 512, \$1.50.

**STONE & KIMBALL,
PUBLISHERS,
NEW YORK CITY.**

SEND FOR SPRING LIST.

NEW BOOKS

FOR SUMMER READING.

WHITE SATIN AND HOMESPUN.

A Novel. By KATRINA TRASK, author of "Under King Constantine," "Sonnets and Lyrics," etc. Oblong, polished buckram, 75 cents.

Touches the true phase of life represented by White Satin and Homespun, but its *motif* is not the sociological question of the present day, as its title might imply, but the more universal one of the recreating power of love.

NO PLACE FOR REPENTANCE.

By ELLEN F. PINSENT, author of "Jenny's Case," etc. Oblong, polished buckram, 75 cents.

"A powerful story of struggle against temptation and of noble sacrifice."

SIMON RYAN THE PETERITE.

By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., author of "Arcady," "Trials of a Country Parson," etc. Oblong, polished buckram, 75 cents.

A very clever and entertaining character sketch. The plot is very ingenious, and the character of "Simon" drawn by a clever hand.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,

91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD READING FOR SUMMER

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

A delightful new novel by this popular author, the first published for many months. A story as romantic and fascinating as his famous work "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." With a portrait of Sir Walter Besant as a frontispiece, taken from a late photograph.

12mo, basket cloth, tastefully stamped with gold, \$1.50.

Twentieth Century Series FROM WHOSE BOURNE.

By ROBERT BARR.

A very original detective story. The hero is a newspaper writer, who becomes interested in the case of a woman unjustly accused of murder, and undertakes to prove her innocence. In his usual breezy style Mr. Barr tells how this is accomplished.

DARTMOOR

By M. H. HERVEY, the author of "Dead Man's Court."

Mr. Hervey is a born story-teller, and in this new book he never allows the action to flag for a moment. An especially suitable book for summer reading.

DIANA'S HUNTING

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A story of Bohemian life in London. The heroine is a popular actress, and the hero is a successful playwright. A fascinating story.

"A very readable book."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

"A bright and vigorous story, with a real woman for a heroine."—*Boston Home Journal*.

"It is a good story for a woman to read."—*St. Louis Mirror*.

I MARRIED A WIFE

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

An interesting story of English military life, told in the charming style of this author.

"A captivating tale of army life."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Brightly attractive to the end."—*Boston Courier*.

TOXIN

By OUIDA.

A timely story by Ouida, introducing into romance the new and startling discovery of anti-toxine, and attacking the vivisectionists. Full of dramatic interest.

"Ouida's powers of description were never better displayed than in her last work, 'Toxin.'"—*Dubuque Herald*.

Each volume, tall 16mo, colored buckram, stamped with silver, silver top, illustrated, 75 cents.

THE BROOM SQUIRE

By S. BARING-GOULD.

An interesting study of English life. Mr. Gould is one of the most powerful writers of the day, and in "The Broom Squire" his work is superior to anything he has ever done.

"We recommend this book as one that deserves to be read."—*Boston Times*.

"The story is told with much art."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

"The plot is original, is skilfully developed; the situations are exciting and dramatic; the dialogue is bright and breezy, and there is adventure enough to satisfy the most exacting."—*Troy Press*.

12mo, basket cloth, stamped in colored inks and silver, \$1.25.

A WOMAN INTERVENES

An important new novel by ROBERT BARR.

Mr. Barr is one of the most remarkable and interesting of American writers. Through all his work runs his strong individuality, and it is entirely fresh and original.

"A Woman Intervenes" deals with life on both sides of the Atlantic. Its characters include promoters, stock speculators, mining engineers, and last but not least the modern newspaper woman.

Two editions of this book have been exhausted and a third is now being printed.

"It tells a good story in a capital way."—*The Critic*.

"So interesting that you will be willing to cut short your sleep in order to finish it."—*The Goldsmith*.

"There is a breath of interest in every page."—*Rockford Star*.

12mo, linen, beautifully stamped with colored inks and silver, \$1.25.

THE TEMPTRESS

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Author of "Zoraida," "Stolen Souls," etc.

"The Temptress" is a thrilling romance, cleverly developed, and will undoubtedly be a great success."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

"A novel of intense interest."—*Scotsman*.

"The story is clever and powerful."—*Birmingham Post*.

12mo, basket cloth, stamped in colored inks, \$1.00.

Newport Series

A WOMAN WITH A FUTURE

By MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

A witty and entertaining story by the author of "The Grasshoppers." Mrs. Dean is one of the most brilliant satirists of the day, and this story sparkles with witty and epigrammatic remarks. In general style and shape this series will be somewhat similar to the popular Twentieth Century Series, but the binding will be brighter and more striking.

A MASTER OF FORTUNE

By JULIAN STURGIS.

A delightful love-story, with the scenes laid on both sides of the Atlantic.

Each volume, tall 16mo, basket cloth, stamped with colored inks with tulip design, 75 cents.

A ROGUE'S DAUGHTER

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

A story of London life. The heroine is the daughter of a banker, who proves to be a defaulter. Her misfortunes, caused by her father's misdeeds, are told in a fascinating style that holds the reader's attention until the happy ending.

12mo, basket cloth, with the cover ornamentally stamped in colored inks and gold, \$1.00.

AN ENGAGEMENT

By SIR ROBERT PEEL.

A delightful little love-story by one of the most promising of the younger English writers.

24mo, basket cloth, 50 cents.

A WHIRL ASUNDER

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

"One of the best books we have seen for some time."—*London Athenæum*.

"A very spicy and lively romance."—*Chicago Post*.

"A pretty love-story well told."—*Philadelphia Post*.

Large 24mo, basket cloth, 50 cents.

A descriptive catalogue sent on application. All publications for sale by all booksellers, or sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 27 and 29 West 23d St., New York

Delightful Books for Summer Reading

WE announce below a new half-tone illustrated paper edition of

Herman Melville's Romances of the Southern Seas,

Edited with Biographical and Critical Introduction by ARTHUR STEDMAN. Copyright Edition.

TYPEE.

A Real Romance of the South Seas.

By HERMAN MELVILLE. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper covers, 50 cents.

Herman Melville was the first man who shared the life of a cannibal community in the South Seas and possessed the winning literary art to describe his fascinating adventures. His works have charmed the reading world of both hemispheres for NEARLY FIFTY YEARS.

OMOO.

A Sequel to Typee.

By HERMAN MELVILLE. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper covers, 50 cents.

"Typee" and "Omoo" are full of the marvellous. We drift with the author through his pacific splendors as if we had eaten of the lotus plant, or had sat down to a new "Southern Night's" entertainment.

MOBY DICK;

Or, The White Whale.

By HERMAN MELVILLE. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper covers, 50 cents.

The crown of Melville's sea experience was the marvellous romance of "Moby Dick," the White Whale, whose mysterious and magical existence is still a superstition of whalers. It ought to be read by every one.

WHITE JACKET;

Or, The World in a Man-of-War.

By HERMAN MELVILLE. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper covers, 50 cents.

Melville's picture of the fore-castle life, his representation of what goes on under the deck of that part of the ship which is thumped by the handspike, are marvellously and delightfully true.

SUNSET PASS.

By Capt. CHAS. KING. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper covers, 50 cents.

"Captain King has seldom written a story as exciting as this."—*New York Herald*.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

By THOMAS HARDY. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper covers, 50 cents.

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND.

By GRANT ALLEN. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper covers, 50 cents.

"Grant Allen seldom writes a poor story and 'The Duchess of Powysland' is among his best. It is in the list of books to be read to be enjoyed. No brief description of the plot or characters can do justice to the story."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

By MABEL COLLINS. Paper covers, 50 cents.

THREE NORMANDY INNS.

By ANNA BOWMAN DODD. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. Cloth, \$1.50; paper covers, 50 cents.

"The reader who lays down this book without wishing there were more of it is to be pitied."—*New York Tribune*.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS CORPORATION,

310-318 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.